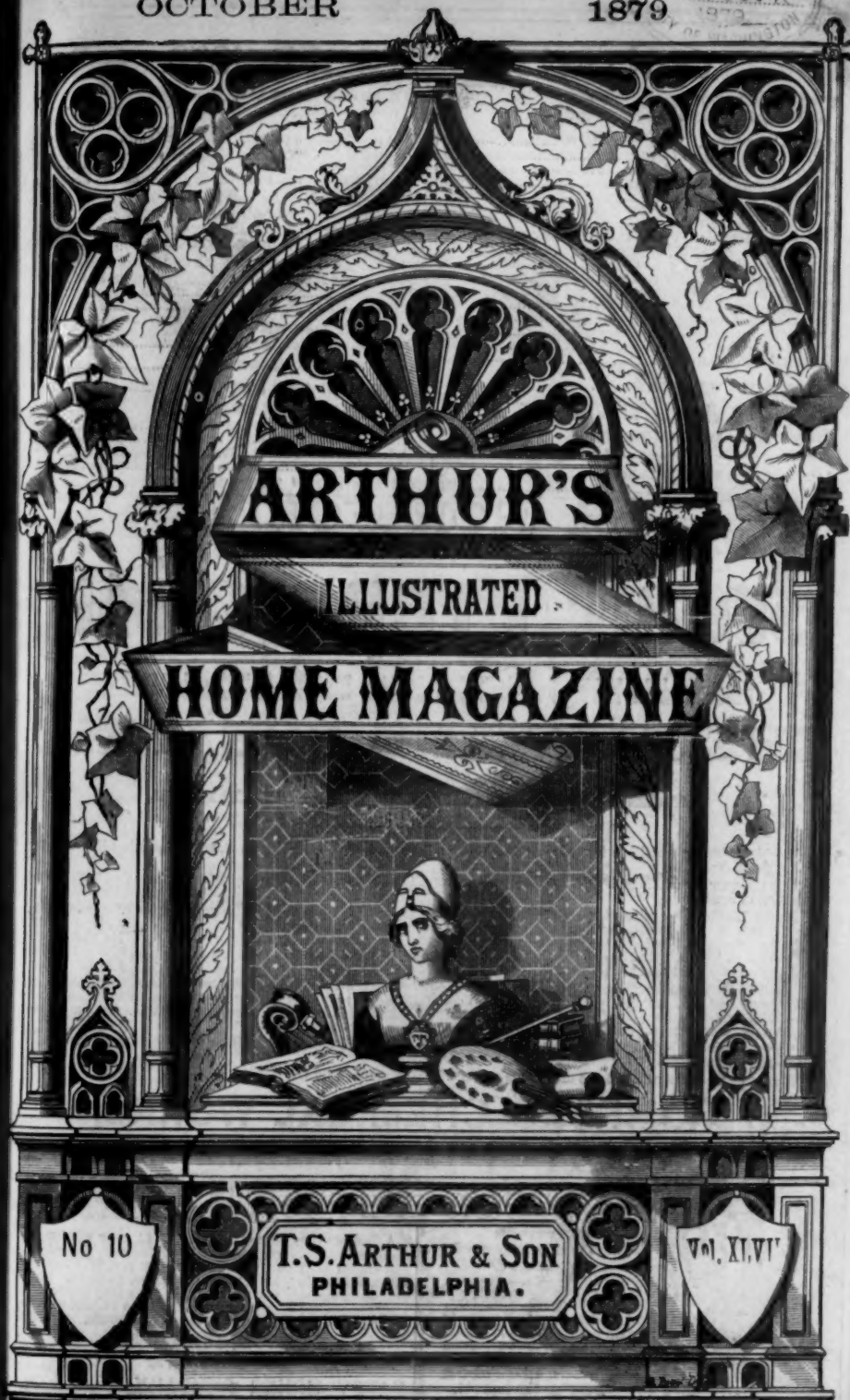


OCTOBER

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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE

No 10

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It adds valuable nutritive ingredients to the bread, biscuit, etc., raised with it, which nothing else used for raising bread does.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—The advantages of the short cos-

of the goods. The fronts are loose, but the back is

tumes of the day are manifold. Of their convenience there is no need to speak, for whether a lady has worn one or not, she will readily appreciate its comforts. The walking-skirt illustrated is charming in construction, and its side-drapes are cut in sections, so that small amounts of materials may be appropriated for the purpose. The revers are turned up and faced, but may be made of the striped or any contrasting fabric, lined with crinoline, and then sewed on where they would be turned up if cut on, as in the model. Upon page 4 two views of this stylish model may be seen, where it is made up of plain and brocaded goods. The pattern is No. 6714, price 35 cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The basque worn with the skirt has a short, round front and a coat-tail back, and is fitted in the usual manner. Its model is No. 6680, price 25 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

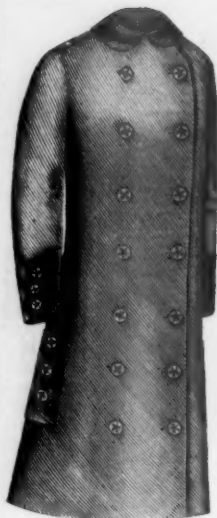
The coat is a stylish affair of basket cloth, and is finished like a gentleman's coat, with bindings of braid, and collar and lapel facings

lady-like and satisfactory to the wearer. The hat is of felt, prettily trimmed with satin and ostrich tips.

shaped by a seam at the center and side-forms extending to the arm-eyes. Pocket-laps are on the side-skirts, and extra widths left at the side-back seams are lapped over the back skirt and tacked. The model is No. 6732, price 30 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Cloth or heavy camel's-hair in any of the lively shades is much used for such coats to wear with dark suits, or with suits composed throughout of the same material. Machine-stitchings and braid bindings are the popular decorations, and buttons of horn, pearl or vegetable-ivory are used upon the coats both for closing and decorative purposes. Very rich-looking coats will result from facing the collar, lapels, cuffs and pocket-laps with velvet, satin or *mousseline* silk; in which event the edges will be finished with a corresponding piping, or to look as if plainly hemmed. The latter effect is produced by an under-facing of silk or lining material. The entire costume is in every way



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.



6681

Front View.

6706

Front View.

6706

Back View.

6681

Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 6706.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the basque for a miss of 12 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of striped goods, each 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of striped, each 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED CLOAK.

No. 6681.—A very stylish and neatly completed cloak model is here represented. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is appropriate for any cloak material in vogue. To make the garment as portrayed in the engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6687

Front View.

6707

Front View.

6707

Back View.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 6707.—A neat basket cloth is the material made up in this coat. The model is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the garment as pictured for a child of 3 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6687

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6687.—This model may be developed in any material used for costumes, and trimmed with plain or striped fabrics, lace or fringe, as the wearer may prefer. The model is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



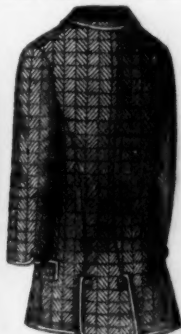
6735

Front View.



6705

Front View.



6705

Back View.



6735

Back View.

MISSES' COAT.

No. 6705.—To construct this stylish coat as shown in the present engravings for a miss of 11 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be found necessary. It may be selected for cloth of any description, or for any of the fashionable suitings introduced for Fall. The trimmings should be of the simplest character. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price of any size, 25 cents.

LADIES' PANIER POLONAISE.

No. 6735.—The polonaise here illustrated is very popular, and may be made up of any material. It is here displayed in a plain suiting, stylishly decorated with a striped fabric. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the polonaise for a lady of medium size, will require $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of suitable goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6730

Front View.



6712

Front View.



6712

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 6712.—The pattern to this costume is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Its construction calls for $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the costume as pictured in the engravings for a girl of 7 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6730

Back View.

LADIES' WALKING-SKIRT.

No. 6730.—This stylish walking-skirt may be composed of any one or two materials, as it will make up very prettily in either. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and calls for $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, each with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of satin 22 inches wide, in making the skirt as here represented for a lady of medium size. Price any size, 35 cents.

**6711***Front View.***6699***Front View.***6699***Back View.***6711***Back View.*

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH VEST.

No. 6699.—The model to this stylishly designed basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque in the way shown in the pictures for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of any size, 30 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 6711.—This novel and stylish costume requires $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, in constructing it in the manner shown in these engravings for a miss of 12 years. If material 48 inches wide be selected, then 5 yards will suffice for the purpose of construction. The model is appropriate for any dress material in vogue, and will make up very charmingly in a combination of fabrics. The model is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and any size costs 30 cents.

**6714***Front View.***6709***Front View.***6709***Back View.***6714***Back View.*

GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED CLOAK.

No. 6709.—The model to this very jaunty little cloak is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the cloak for a girl of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.

LADIES' WALKING-SKIRT, WITH DRAPERY.

No. 6714.—This elegant and convenient skirt is made of plain, all-wool suit goods, and is neatly and effectively trimmed with brocade bands and facings. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and calls for $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, in making the skirt, as shown in the engravings, for a lady of medium size. Price of any size, 35 cents.

**6713***Front View.***6723***Front View.***6723***Back View.***6713***Back View.***LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 6723.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 45 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require 3 yards of plain and 1 yard of striped goods, each 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain and 1 yard of striped, each 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.

MISSSES' PRINCESS DRESS, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 6713.—The pretty Princess model here illustrated is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, in making the dress as represented in the engravings for a miss of 12 years. Cashmere, merino, serge, silk, camel's-hair or any of the pretty woolen fabrics may be made up effectively by this pattern. Price of any size, 30 cents.

**6726***Front View.***6701***Front View.***6701***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 6701.—In making this pretty little costume as shown in the present illustrations for a girl of 5 years, 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and any size costs 25 cents.

**6726***Back View.***LADIES' TRIMMED WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 6726.—A very stylish and handsomely trimmed skirt is here represented as composed of an inexpensive suiting. The pattern is simplicity itself, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It calls for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, each with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of satin, in making the skirt for a lady of medium size. Price of any size, 35 cents.

LADIES' BASQUE, WITH VEST.

No. 6720.—This novel and elegant model is one of the handsomest of its kind issued this season. The front is stylishly modelled and effectively displays a deep vest, whose construction lends a peculiar picturesqueness to the garment. The back is a jaunty coat shape, superbly adjusted to the figure by five gracefully graded seams, the middle three of which terminate at a stylish distance below the waist-line in prettily disposed overlaps. Handsome standing and lapel collars complete the neck. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque as illustrated in the pictures for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 48 inches wide, each with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of brocade 22 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6720

Front View.



6720

Back View.



6725

LADIES' SHORT, ROUND WALKING-SKIRT.

No. 6725.—Although the model represented is very simply constructed, it is superbly designed, being short and round, without any slope at the lower edge. It will be a great favorite with many ladies, as it is particularly well adapted to heavy materials, and may be completed with or without decoration to accord with the wearer's taste and the quality of the material selected for its formation. All materials in vogue for costumes may be fashioned by this model. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6690

Front View.



6690

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 6690.—A combination of two materials will make up handsomely by this pretty model, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is appropriate for any of the dress fabrics in vogue, and will make up in a decidedly pleasing manner in cashmere, camel's-hair, serge or *de beige* with any style of trimming. To make the polonaise as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 35 cents.

LADIES' PANIER WRAP.

No. 6683.—The handsome wrap here delineated may be made up of any material desired, and may be worn either as part of a costume or as an independent garment. It is here constructed of fine black cashmere, and is elegantly decorated with deep French lace, handsome *passementerie* galloons and ornaments, and ribbon bows. Wraps of this style are among the most fashionable introductions for Autumn wear. The model is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as pictured for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6683

Front View.



6683

Back View.



6685

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6685.—This over-skirt model is adapted to any material in vogue for costumes, although it is here shown as composed of a pretty wool suiting of a deep *peach-blue* shade, with trimmings of darker bands and handsome tassel fringe. There are only three sections comprised in the formation, two of these uniting to form the sides and front, while the remainder constitutes the back-drapery. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Of material 22 inches wide, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be needed in making the garment for a lady of medium size. If goods 48 inches wide are selected, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will suffice for its construction. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6688

Front View.



6688

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 6688.—The engravings illustrate a model suitable for any material that may be selected. It is in this instance handsomely made up in cashmere, and brown silk brocaded with old gold, ribbon bows and rich grass fringe are used in its decoration. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as shown in the engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 35 cents.



6721

Front View.

6727

Back View.

CHILD'S HIGH-NECKED APRON.

No. 6727.—Calico, cambric, lawn, gingham, nainsook or any apron material may be prettily made up by this dainty little model, which is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and calls for 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 36 inches wide, in making the apron as here pictured for a child of 4 years. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6703

Front View.

6703

Back View.

CHILD'S LONG, SACK CLOAK.

No. 6703.—The model to this comfortable little garment is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and is adapted to all materials used for such garments. To make the garment in the manner shown in the present engravings for a child of 3 years, will require 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6693

Front View.

6693

Back View.

BOYS' DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.

No. 6693.—The modish little coat pattern here represented is in 9 sizes for boys from 2 to 10 years of age. In constructing the coat as pictured in the engravings for a boy of 6 years, 1½ yard of material 27 inches wide will suffice. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6719

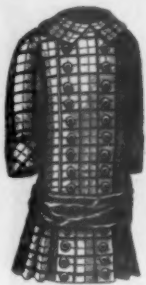
Front View.

6719

Back View.

BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED, SACK COAT.

No. 6719.—This model is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and calls for 2½ yards of goods 27 inches wide in constructing the coat as pictured for a boy of 10 years. Price of any size, 25 cents.



6710

Front View.

6710

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 6710.—This little costume is made of Scotch suiting and ornamented with buttons. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and needs 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide in making the costume for a child of 4 years. Price, 20 cents.



6734

Front View.

6734

Back View.

LITTLE BOYS' OVERCOAT.

(DESIGNED TO WEAR OVER A KILT.)

No. 6734.—This overcoat pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 2 to 7 years of age, and needs 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide in making the overcoat as here shown for a boy of 5 years. Price, 25 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

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ONE DAY IN AUTUMN.—Page 129.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

XLVII. •

OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 10.

ANTHIA THORBURN.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHIA THORBURN was nearly twenty in years, and about fifteen in feeling and experience. Beyond contributing a certain sum of money to the surrounding atmosphere and doing a little work for the Dorcas, she did nothing toward making her life better for her being in it. Her mother, who was father-engrossed in business, her education considered finished, her sisters in banishment, and a deaf aunt in charge of the house, she was a person brooding over the depths as well as the shallows of existence.

Month in and month out, life's every-day round was regulated by nothing more exciting than, more or less, the social gatherings, one or two mild flirtations, the arrival of Butterick's fashions, the making of new and old garments, and last, by no means least, an occasional wedding.

On a Sunday Sabbath morning, this same Anthia Thorburn, returning from church, avoided the short cut past the mills. She longed to escape companionship, and beside, was in no hurry to reach home.

Her brother Siebeling surpassed himself in that morning's discourse. Usually, the rather dull old pastor descended from heights so far above the level of Miss Thorburn's comprehension she long ago despaired of following him, and continued to weary of listening. On that day he was peculiarly successful in reducing religion and its obligations right down to the simplicity of ordinary thinkers, and within reach of common needs.

"What wilt Thou have me to do?" This was the question. "A question we should all ask," urged the brother; "not what wilt Thou have this man to do, but what shall I do?"

The sermon had taken fast hold on one hearer at least. She wanted to think it over—to discover, if possible, how she stood in regard to it. Was it an unnecessary grouping of impossible duties? Would the selfishness of the promised reward prove unsubstantial as the violet and misty golden crowning of the rainbow? Or, was the lesson to be applied to her own life use—to the life she was living there and

glistening with windows and bristling with chimneys? Everybody was more or less interested in the business; not many cared for anything outside of it. It would have been called a country town, although the country veritably turned her back upon it. Even the grass crept from the dry, sandy roads, and sought the fields lying open and sunny beyond the red mill ranges. To see a dandelion by the wayside was so rare a sight, Miss Thorburn, chancing to spy one shining like sunshine, dropped from fairyland, picked and placed it in her breast knot. After appropriating the blossom, without stopping to remove the dust from its yellow disk, she felt all at once that some new, strange influence had come into her life and marveled over it.

"Rather a tarnished ornament," Miss Thorburn thought. Now, were it a mill-woman's child instead of a dusty field-flower, you would demand that its face be washed before, under any circumstances, you would consent to touch it."

There was no heard walk along this road, and the dust was genuine dust, a good deal thicker than three-ply, and soft as velvet. It betrayed no footfall, yet she knew very well whose voice addressed her on this their pet subject of contention.

"You can never forgive me for endeavoring to enforce habits of cleanliness and order on these people," she replied.

The gaze of Ralph Aden's dark, deep-set eyes went beyond the scarlet face beside him, while the answer he returned seemed equally wide of the mark.

"Will you tell me why you chose this roundabout way, and why you picked that flower?"

"I came this way because I wanted to, and picked the flower for the same reason." Anthia Thorburn drew her skirt a little more closely, and held her head a trifle higher.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, stepping back and lifting one foot. "I had an errand in this neighborhood, and made bold to join you. I see I have intruded."

In spite of their present formality, they had had knowledge of each other from childhood, and there had been brief intimacies with occasional estrangements from their youth up. It was not odd, then, that Anthia, throwing aside caprice, should that moment lift to his a pair of melting eyes, and seem to entreat him with her scarlet mouth.

Millville was by no means an attractive place. It was almost entirely given over to great buildings



ONE DAY IN AUTUMN.—Page 489.

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The sermon had taken fast hold on one hearer at least. She wanted to think it over—to discover, if possible, how she stood in regard to it. Was it an imaginary grouping of impossible duties? Would the brightness of the promised reward prove unsubstantial as the violet and misty golden crowning of distant hills? Or, was the lesson to be applied to every-day use—to the life she was living there and then?

Millville was by no means an attractive place. It was almost entirely given over to great buildings

glistening with windows and bristling with chimneys. Everybody was more or less interested in the business; not many cared for anything outside of it. It would have been called a country town, although the country veritably turned her back upon it. Even the grass crept from the dry, sandy roads, and sought the fields lying open and sunny beyond the red mill ranges. To see a dandelion by the wayside was so rare a sight, Miss Thorburn, chancing to spy one shining like sunshine, dropped from fairyland, picked and placed it in her breast knot. After appropriating the blossom, without stopping to remove the dust from its yellow disk, she felt all at once that some new, strange influence had come into her life and marveled over it.

"Rather a tarnished ornament, Miss Thorburn. Now, were it a mill-woman's child instead of a dusty field-flower, you would demand that its face be washed before, under any circumstances, you would consent to touch it."

There was no board walk along this road, and the dust was genuine dust, a good deal thicker than three-ply, and soft as velvet. It betrayed no footfall, yet she knew very well whose voice addressed her on this their pet subject of contention.

"You can never forgive me for endeavoring to enforce habits of cleanliness and order on these people," she replied.

The gaze of Ralph Aden's dark, deep-set eyes went beyond the earnest face beside him, while the answer he returned seemed equally wide of the mark.

"Will you tell me why you chose this roundabout way, and why you picked that flower?"

"I came this way because I wanted to, and picked the flower for the same reason." Anthia Thorburn drew her skirts a little more closely, and held her head a trifle higher.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, stepping back and lifting his hat. "I had an errand in this neighborhood, and made bold to join you. I see I have intruded."

In spite of their present formality, they had had knowledge of each other from childhood, and there had been fitful intimacies with occasional estrangements from their youth up. It was not odd, then, that Anthia, throwing aside caprice, should that moment lift to his a pair of melting eyes, and seem to entreat him with her scarlet mouth.

"I was wrong," she said, frankly. "I ought not to be disagreeable after such a sermon, so I'll tell you why I left everybody and took this road. I wanted to think over what we heard this morning. To question whether I was living as I ought—whether there was not something for me to do. And I picked this bit of brightness because the thought that its kin-flowers were blossoming under more favorable circumstances didn't seem to affect it in the least. It was doing the best it could, and somehow I felt that I wanted it to know I appreciated the effort, and loved it, dust and all."

There was no change in the blue and gold of that April day, yet Ralph Aden's face flushed as though it reflected the hues of an unseen sunset. Whatever his thought, it remained unspoken. And again the answer returned seemed wide of the subject in hand. Nevertheless, his companion had a feeling that somehow, like the different colors in a piece of mosaic, it fitted into this new experience.

"Susan Printer's child met with a sad accident yesterday."

"Little Beta?"

"Yes. Some four or five families occupy the house—all mill hands, and obliged, as you know, to leave their little ones alone. Just before five yesterday afternoon, the eldest in charge, herself only nine, heated a kettle of water for their several teas. Somehow, nobody knows how, Beta overturned it, scalding her little limbs terribly. I intend stopping there. Will you go with me?"

Miss Thorburn, promising to send some necessary articles, found it easy to decline going herself. At the very next corner there stood Fitz Maurice Maurice. He reproved her for running away, in a manner which implied he felt her loss keenly; then, with a graceful "Allow me," deftly caught the flower slipping from her creamy laces, and, after lifting it to his lips, transferred it to his buttonhole.

Up to that critical moment, Anthia Thorburn rather liked this young gentleman. Suddenly and unaccountably he turned obnoxious, nay, even ridiculous, with that penciling of dust under the sulphur-colored mustache. The penalty of his homage to the little field-flower.

Had she noticed Bessie Wade trying to make it up with Hal Bloomer? Did she see Tom Forbes's stunning tie? Had Kate Smith told her when she was to be married? So ran the shallow current of his conversation until they reached Thorburn's door, where Anthia gladly dismissed him.

Millville gossips called both these gentlemen Miss Thorburn's lovers.

Some three or four years previous, Ralph Aden's father was one of the wealthiest men in the place. Through some fraudulent proceeding—Maurice senior's was whispered—he lost everything, and died shortly after. Ralph was obliged to leave college and accept an inferior position in the mill, for the purpose of providing for an invalid sister and younger brother. However, he had not relinquished his medical studies, and was already in the enjoyment of

an extensive practice among the poorer classes, where, kill or cure, it was no pay.

"A fine young man. Will make his mark some day," was invariably conceded, the while it was mutely yet unanimously agreed to wait for that auspicious hour before any public recognition of his merits be tendered him. They were blind as well as dumb, not to see that this young man's mark was already made, and that, too, where the "Carpenter's Son" left His own hallowed imprint—in the homes of the poor and lowly, in the hearts of the common people.

As for Fitz Maurice Maurice—vain, idle, stupidly good-tempered—they all laughed at him behind his back, yet everybody respected him as the only child and heir of the richest man in the place, and a good sort of fellow in his own right.

The house of Thorburn, not feeling under obligations to attend a second service on the Sabbath, settled into profound dullness or slumber as the day wore on. Anthia found it easy to decline going with Ralph Aden to visit the suffering child, yet not quite so easy to quiet her conscience on the subject afterward. The soft gold of the April day melting into the grays of twilight, only left her more restless and disturbed. As a child of God, she had humbly asked some task at His hands, then thoughtlessly shirked the first duty presenting itself.

The fire in the open grate oppressed her, the stillness of her father's and aunt's reclining figures only made her pulse run quicker. She drew the curtain and looked out in the darkness to meet the mill-walls inclosing her like the sides of some huge box. Their garden was a neglected spot, stifled in regulation shrubbery, yet she recalled in a sort of ecstasy its secluded avenues, where the breath of lilacs blew through the shimmering dark, and over which big stars were keeping watch. Snatching up a shawl more like meshes of sea-foam woven in a mermaid's loom than the work of woman's fingers, she stole softly out and paced the garden paths.

Millville's landed proprietors seemed to have agreed upon the singular choice of fixing their residences in close proximity to their business. Consequently, Andrew Thorburn's mansion rested complacently in the shadow of Thorburn Mills, while his employees occupied tenements at a respectful distance, as become objects supposed to have no more in common with this great scheme of accumulating wealth than had the machinery in use a certain length of time, then turned out on the lots and forgotten.

From that garden slope, snowed over with cherry blossoms, and sprinkled with incense from the lilac censers, Miss Thorburn could see these humble homes. Singling out the light from Susan Printer's window, she remembered how this poor creature had gone from their own door to be married, and how sad a life she was leading ever since. Then she thought how often Ralph Aden had tried to interest her in these mill-people. The recollection of her feeble, readily-relinquished efforts in the mission-

school returned to her with a pang. Was this the work God wanted her to do? Through this man's entreaty and example had she been called time and again, and time and again refused?

Susan Printer's candle glimmered more redly, sending a beckoning ray through the slumberous dark. An invisible breath touched Anthia Thorburn's cheek, then flitted enticingly away. That very instant her mind was made up. She would go and see little Beta. She seldom traveled that way, yet, seeing it daily, every step was familiar, and it did not take her many minutes to arrive at Printer's door. Although not as bad as its neighbors, the room was by no means cleanly. The children, too, had an unwashed, unkempt look, owing, probably, to an early toilet and no subsequent attention. Even Susie's face wore the mill-mark, and it was evident that soiled hands had readjusted the outer linen bandaging the little scalded limbs. Suddenly, and to herself incomprehensively, Anthia Thorburn had risen above these things. Trivial details such as these lost their influence upon her, giving way to an overwhelming sense of human need, human sorrow.

Susan Printer's slight frame was worn out with child-bearing, and ached so from the strain of weaving and walking with her baby, she was glad to lay her in those younger, stronger arms, and indulge in the luxury of a good cry.

Unluckily, Dr. Ralph Aden just missed seeing that vision of Anthia Thorburn pacing the dim middle-ground of that mean apartment with the wailing baby cradled on her breast. Coming far out of his way for the purpose of seeing his patient that night, he learned, to his surprise, that the young lady had been there, and just left under guardianship of one of the lads. Could he have seen her in that tender guise passing in and out of the candle's flare, with a trail of violet silk and sea-foam drapery around her, and fitful lights on cheek and hair, there would have been no need to ask: "Dost like the picture?"

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as she could excuse herself after a very late breakfast, Anthia put on her plainest attire and went over to see how little Beta passed the night. To her surprise, she knew that Susie had been out, because she met her hurrying in.

"There was just a minute I dare snatch, so I flew over to see after her," was the woman's apology for pushing by her visitor. "Come up."

Miss Thorburn obeyed the invitation in a state of towering indignation.

"How could you leave this almost dying baby?" she demanded, in severest accents. "How could you find it in your heart to do anything so cruel?"

"It wasn't in my heart a bit, Miss, it was all in my life," replied Susie, with simple pathos. "You know how it is with Tom; he's got consumption, and can't earn much, though he keeps hard at work; and I'd lose my place if I wasn't there."

"You'd better lose twenty places than that little creature's life," replied Miss Thorburn, sharply.

"My place," said Susie, with a gasp, "is bread, butter, a roof, not only for this child, but for the others. My place"—here a strange sob broke from those pallid lips—"means a shroud, a coffin for her, if she dies. What else can I do?"

The crimson on Anthia's cheeks took on a new shade, as, with drooped head and trembling fingers, she drew out her purse.

"You work for my father," she said. "Take two or three days off on my responsibility. I'll make it up to you, and see that you retain your position."

"I'm not at Thorburn Mills now, Miss. I lost three days last winter when Tommie was so sick, and was discharged. I'm at Maurice's."

The swift change in Anthia's manner was a sight to see. From presuming to play the judge, she suddenly assumed the attitude of culprit.

"Does my father know this?" she inquired gently, even humbly.

"No, Miss," answered Susie, absorbed in her child, and taking no notice of the young lady's face or manner, "he has nothin' to do with gettin' on or puttin' off. I must leave you now, poor, burned pettie!"

She clasped the child in a closer embrace, rained kisses on its face, hands and on the little bandaged feet, then, with a frantic cry of, "My baby! Oh, my baby!" fled from the room.

The moment Anthia Thorburn recovered herself and was able to collect her thoughts, she sent the eldest child, a wild little thing, only seven, after her mother, saying: "Tell her I will stay here until she returns at noon."

Sitting in that scantily-furnished room, where the gold of the April day turned dim in its struggles to get through the grimy panes, Miss Thorburn never dreamed she was entering upon a blessed Christian work. When dirty, barefooted little children, of every age under nine, stared at her through the open door, or the babies they dragged about with them crawled around her feet, she was far from realizing that a mission to such as these was opening before her.

True, she had already abandoned a serious effort in a similar direction. The Saturday afternoon sewing-class meeting at Aden's, and the mission-school on the flats, had engaged her attention an entire season. She left both in a fit of intense disgust because her labors seemed fruitless.

"Don't you know it's 'Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little?'" remarked Helen Aden.

"Yes," replied Anthia, "but the first line must stay, else how can we add another? These people are willfully careless and ignorant. Everything's thrown away on them."

Now Ralph and Helen Aden held a contrary opinion. From every point of view they looked upon these toilers with a large-hearted charity. They were aware of the importance of bettering their condition, and also deeply impressed with the value

of each individual soul. However, they had failed to enlist Miss Thorburn's sympathies; the toil was thankless, the task irksome. She went her careless way, so sunny and sweet-tempered, her good friends could not blame her, although they felt the disappointment keenly.

The time of quickening had arrived. It found Miss Thorburn in that dilapidated tenement in company with its swarms of children—found her alone and unadvised, revolving schemes and plans for their comfort and safety. Ralph and Helen Aden planted, another watered, and God in infinite wisdom was giving the increase.

When Millville first knew Andrew Thorburn, he lived in a one-and-a-half-story frame containing three rooms. Rising in the world, he left this building in the rear, and took possession of a handsome brick residence fronting the main street. But for the brief occupancy of an old nurse, who left it for her final rest, the dwelling had remained empty ever since. That is, as far as human beings were concerned. Not destitute of furniture, because almost everything in that line remained, very few articles being considered fine enough for the new home. Anthia and her sisters had "played house" there until they got old enough to begin to think about marriage and homes of their own. Next came nurse Keturah's reign, then followed dust and silence. It was one of the prettiest spots in Millville. Ivy and hop-vines embowered it, red honeysuckles rioted over the tiny porch, pink, white and purple morning-glories strung their bells across every window, while bird, butterfly and bee twittered, fluttered and buzzed in excess of summer life and joy about it.

One week after these incidents, already recorded, took place, the door of this sylvan retreat opened upon Anthia Thorburn's perfected plans. She had at last come into real and heart-felt sympathy with these poor mill-folk and their human ache and need. Having availed herself of the opportunity for studying the sad effects of the parents' enforced neglect, taking this as the key-note of her new life and work, her plans were rapidly formed and put into execution.

Engaging the services of Mrs. Printer and two others at a fair salary, a day-nursery was opened in the cottage under the vines, for the especial benefit of such children as were too young to be left in charge of those who were scarcely beyond babyhood themselves. Here they were washed, dressed, fed and attended to from six, A. M., until half-past six, P. M., every day except Sunday.

At the outset, Mr. Thorburn felt disposed to discountenance an innovation so extraordinary, so unparalleled in the history of his house. While for her part, Mrs. Lansing, the deaf aunt, either could not or would not understand what was proposed. She seemed determined it should be something terrible, something to be ashamed and repented of as long as they lived. Anthia, poor girl, was distressed beyond measure. Nevertheless, she remained tender, yet firm, and finally carried her point triumphantly.

After the second week of the nursery's opening, Mr. Thorburn condescended a visit, and subsequently dropped in quite as a matter of course. Mrs. Lansing sent in an occasional dainty, but was exceedingly timid about venturing in person.

"There's never any knowing about these children," she said, discreetly keeping the garden's length between herself and the happy, roly-poly little band at Hopsley Hall, as it was wittily named.

If, apart from his inordinate self-love, Fitz Maurice had a spark of genuine admiration to spare, it struck out in Anthia Thorburn's direction. Inclined to wander away after every fresh, attractive face, he invariably returned to his boyish fancy after the novelty wore off, and became more than ever devoted. Miss Thorburn was used to him. They, too, had grown up together. She knew very well that a few properly-directed efforts would secure the prize, yet was not sure she cared for it sufficiently to make them. Remaining in this undecided state of mind, she allowed his attentions to come or go, and was entirely satisfied in either case.

Such being her mental condition, and that small organ, the heart, having no word to say for itself, she pursued the—very uneven, at this critical period—tenor of her way, while Fitz allowed himself a new indulgence. He became absorbed in Celia Priestly, who was visiting his lady mother. Having been in the way of calling frequently on this maiden at the paternal residence in an adjoining county, her family agreed it was high time he declared himself.

In view of hastening this desired event, Miss Celia accepted Mrs. Maurice's invitation to spend a few weeks with her. The manner in which the "object" straightway conducted himself, caused the lady to assure her anxious parents there was nothing to fear and everything to expect.

Riding over one day, "Just to see the dear girl," Dr. Priestly was met and captured by his ancient enemy, the gout. Now it happened that this gentleman was a friend of Ralph Aden, deceased, and, having no son of his own to succeed him, was deeply interested in aiding and abetting Ralph junior's studies. It followed, as a matter of course, then, that this young man should be summoned to wait upon the crippled parent, while Fitz Maurice attended the charming daughter wherever it pleased her to go.

Millville gossips refused to see the matter in this very reasonable light. Having settled that Maurice's son should marry Thorburn's daughter, they resolutely closed their visual organs to every other aspect of so important a question. Young Aden's calls were interpreted to mean an understanding between Celia and himself, and forthwith a second engagement was announced.

It frequently happens that some people are a long while finding out what almost everybody knows. Anthia Thorburn was informed of Ralph Aden's daily visits to the pretentious mansion by the "Big Mills." She also became aware of the interpretation put upon them, but, unfortunately, she was left in ignorance as to the fact of Dr. Priestly's presence,

and his being confined to his chair with the gout. This girl, whose years seemed all at once to have leaped to their full stature, had found her work. She had not been called to do any very great thing, still the task promised to tax her young heart and strength to their utmost. With no slight pain, she learned that the being on whom she relied for sympathy and advice was drawn away, was becoming absorbed in new interests.

As Miss Thorburn in the big brick house, she had been comparatively inaccessible. As Miss Anthia at Hopsley Hall, fronting on a narrow back street, she was more easily approached.

"Such a piece of news!" exclaimed the veritable Mrs. Smith, pushing in at the half-open door. "Dr. Priestly's taken Ralph Aden into partnership, and he's gone over to Priestlyville to board. This much Miss Helen told me. I've come straight from there. She did not tell me that he and Celia were to be married next winter, but I can see through a sieve as well as the next one."

Mrs. Smith took her departure in a few minutes; not so the strange pain tugging at Anthia Thorburn's heart. There seemed no release from that sorrow. It met her day by day while she learned more and more about the new partnership from one and another, finally from Ralph himself. Sitting with him at Helen's feet, she listened to his hopes and plans for the benefit of his family and the race, and grieved more and more deeply. How grandly he looked! What a strong, brave, tender nature was his! Poor girl! He left her at her father's door that night with the cheerfulest of good-byes, and next day took up his residence under Dr. Priestly's roof.

"Do tell me about this place of Anthia Thorburn's," murmured Celia Priestly, hanging languidly on Fitz Maurice Maurice's arm. "What sort of an establishment is it, anyway?"

They were strolling home from some social entertainment, where Miss Thorburn had shone "a bright, particular star." Mrs. Maurice being "willin'," Miss Priestly had consented to prolong her visit indefinitely. It was early June. Even Millville looked fair in that soft moonlight crossed by silver-gray cloud-shadows, yet Fitz gnawed his yellow mustache and glared as though he found himself in a den of beasts. The question touched a sore point. He hated peculiar people. The moment Miss Thorburn "turned queer," he felt in duty bound to renounce her.

"A kind of orphan asylum, I believe," he answered; "but I don't know, and, to tell the truth, don't care."

"She'll never get married, you may rest assured. Gentlemen are shy of ladies with missions. I shall never find one."

"One what? A mission or a husband?"

"A mission, of course. I should be very unhappy if I thought one whom I could dearly love would never offer himself. I—I mean," faltered Miss Priestly, "if there was any such one."

"A creature so charming, so every way calculated

to adorn the marriage state, wrongs my sex by giving these fears audience. Celia, you wrong me."

Now this was merely a tender passage, such as Anthia Thorburn would have quietly ignored. Not so Celia Priestly; and before he could recover himself, Fitz Maurice Maurice was an engaged man. Having secured her prey, Miss Priestly was in no haste to announce the fact, lest it should be hinted she had taken desperate measures. It was best, she concluded, to wait until she was once more decorously established at home, and been properly waited upon by her enamored swain.

Anthia Thorburn came to look upon it as settled that Ralph was to marry Celia. She could not grow accustomed to the anguish this thought caused her; still, life was neither a wilderness nor empty. Had this sorrow assailed her in that dull, inactive past, she would have been overwhelmed. As it happened, she had so much to occupy her time and attention, so many and such increasing duties and responsibilities, there was small room for regrets—none for idle weeping. True, Ralph Aden had not deserted the old home, friends or patients. Scarce a week passed that she did not see him a few bright moments. She saw those fine eyes kindle upon her, listened to his almost unqualified approval of all she did and was endeavoring to persuade others to do; yet this made the thought that he was to marry Celia Priestly doubly, aye, trebly bitter.

The secret was divulged, however. Fitz Maurice married his bride in splendor, and carried her off in state. Then the whole town fell to pitying Miss Thorburn.

"She don't let on to care," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones; "but, depend upon it, she's crushed. I could have told her, though. He's not the kind of man to marry a woman that goes out of her sphere. Even young Aden got disgusted and cleared out. She's booked for an old maid, sure as you live."

If Mrs. Smith was never mistaken in her life before, she was then. The day did not hasten, yet it came, when Ralph Aden whispered words whose very utterance blessed Anthia Thorburn and flooded her future with sunshine.

Dahlia and Lily Thorburn having completed their studies, returned just in time to take their sister's place at Hopsley Hall. Fresh from the confinement of school-life, full of energy and earnestness, inspired by Anthia's example, longing to be of use in the world, fond of poor women, and with a weakness for babies, they stood ready to fill her place and bid her God-speed in her new life and work.

"From first to last, my heart has never wandered. I have loved you all my life," said Ralph Aden.

And she—our dear woman with the radiant face—answered: "I rejoice now that you did not tell me before, else, loving you so entirely—as I have during the year past—perhaps I should have cast my poor mite of good into God's great treasury in your name. Now I know whose call I answered, who helped me all the way through, and that my labor is not in vain in the Lord."

They were riding toward Priestlyville. A year and a month had passed since Anthia Thorburn plucked the little dandelion by the wayside. In playful remembrance of it, Ralph Aden had crowned her dark hair with their mimic rays. The sky was a banner of blue over them, the sunshine a joyous presence, sweet breaths blew down from flowering trees and up from growing grasses—the earth was the Lord's, and the fullness thereof—even the fullness of these wedded hearts. MADGE CARROL.

A LEGEND.

LIVED a race of strange dream-people,
In a country by the sea;
Far behind them lay the water,
Vast and vague as death may be.

Far before them stretched a desert
Foot of man had never crossed,
For the people had a legend:
"He who ventures there is lost.

"Lost amid the sandy mazes
And the uplands, bleak and bare;
Nightly, monsters grim and eerie
Hold their woful revels there.

"Ah! who treads within the desert
Takes his risk at fearful cost;
All is death within the desert—
He who ventures there is lost!"

* * * * *

Through the valleys and the uplands,
Into distance dim and gray,
Passed a novice, veiled and hooded,
Singing softly on her way—

Softly, lightly, oh, full sweetly!
All the people flocked to hear;
All the people flocked and followed
To her measure, falling clear.

Left their dove-cotes and their gardens,
Left their browsing goats and kine,
Followed, followed, till the glories
Of a sunset round them shine.

One by one, its cares forgetting,
Loosened many a weary hand,
And its gifts and stores, down-dropping,
Fell upon that barren land.

Up a rugged steep the novice
Drew the people as she trod,
Till a shining gateway opened—
And the singer passed to God!

* * * * *

All the desert is a garden,
And a land of fruit and wine,
For the seeds the people scattered
Blossomed in that path divine!

ROSE GERANIUM.

SOCIAL POSITION.

IF all the ideas that are held on this subject were collected together, what a queer book we should have! Queer enough as to expression, but probably the central thought of every proposition would amount to just this: Our social position depends on our catching up with somebody and getting ahead of somebody else. Or perhaps it might be read in this way: Our social position depends on keeping other people below us.

Living as we do in our own little world, in the midst of our own surroundings, it is difficult for us to realize that these two words express a very relative value indeed. We must pass into other places to realize it. But the utter folly of rating a man according to mere externals may be seen when we consider what these externals are in many localities, even if we do not take into account the fact that they are exceedingly changeable. The African maiden is the belle of her tribe if her nose-ring exceeds in brightness and proportions those of her sable sisters; the aristocrats of the "white trash" inhabiting the Virginian mountains, are those who have arrived at the dignity of having teams of their own; the country physician, "burying himself in humble obscurity," is the great man of his township, the envy of the neighbors for miles around, on account of his beautiful residence and fine horses.

But weak humanity will take pride in its own achievements and possessions. Perhaps it is well. Destroy this tendency, and you take away nine-tenths of all incentive to honest endeavor, and leave a dull, unambitious, unprogressive race, content, like the animals, to be merely warmed and fed. Let all continue to strive who will; they deserve credit for making effort, even though such effort may not always be well-directed.

What really constitutes position, what is the most legitimate object of social exultation, is a matter concerning which exists a wide difference of opinion. Take any aristocratic little town of which you know, and enumerate three or four of its leading families. You might expect to find them all friends, moving, as we say, in the same circle. But, no. You have the curious spectacle of three or four families, all having about the same amount, more or less, of money and culture, and all living in a style very similar; but each is shut off by a seemingly impassable barrier from the others, and each occupies its leisure moments by looking down upon them. And this is how the case stands.

Mr. A. is a successful mill-owner, and has won his wealth by his own hard work; and he rather despises his next neighbor, Mr. B., who never did much of anything in the world. But Mr. B. comes of an old, old family, and he shrinks from all association with "a mere upstart." The third house is the residence of Mr. C., who made his fortune by a series of daring speculations; and upon him both the former gentlemen, at variance in every other respect, agree in turning a cold shoulder, though for different reasons.

Mr. A., having been strictly honest all his life, feels an utter contempt for any irregular modes of accumulating funds; Mr. B. considers him a parvenu, a little more vulgar than the other. All three unite in condemning the fourth householder, Mr. D., who is simply a scholar, living a quiet, secluded life, devoting himself to the pursuit of science. But in this judgment again we have different reasons. Mr. A. cannot see the sense in valuable energy so applied, Mr. B. feels aggrieved that the silent student pays so little deference to his ancient lineage, Mr. C. believes him lacking in natural sharpness. While from his own supreme heights, Mr. D. laughs at them all as a set of sordid worldlings.

Yet, but for these four men, the village would be at a standstill. They have brought to it employment, prestige, money and culture. Any of the moderately comfortable families around would be glad to welcome any one of them. Yet each considers himself the leading man, and the others his inferiors in every sense. And, of course, this feeling is multiplied tenfold in the wives and families of each. Miss D. at the academy dresses more plainly than Miss A., but the consciousness of her father's discoveries gives her a sort of right to sneer at Miss A.'s imperfect recitations; Miss C., securely established in her silks and diamonds, may curl her lip at both, as well as at Miss B.'s haughty, distant attitude. And so among them all. Only they know, as only ladies do, how to wound without any external discourtesy.

These four girls, with their parents, assemble in the same church every Sabbath, and ask to be delivered from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. If seriously interrogated, the whole twelve would acknowledge that all were sinners, and that Christ died for all. Then how would any dare deny that one soul was just as precious as another?

One soul is as precious as another. And here we have the truth of the immortal declaration that "All men are created equal," for in the fact of the priceless value of the human soul, with all its wondrous possibilities, lies the potential equality of all mankind. After that, whatever we have or achieve is of our own doing. Yet, even here, what occasion have we to boast of our own doing? Others would have done as well or better if they had had the ability. And whence our ability, if it came not as a free gift? So, sifted down to the bottom, human pride, though, rightly used, a powerful factor for good, has really no foundation other than in our own imaginations.

Perhaps the most legitimate object for its exercise is that of good birth. We come into the world stamped, as it were, with a patent of nobility in every member, an inheritance dependent upon absolutely nothing outside of ourselves, needing not for existence, like culture, the advantages of education; nor, like wealth, the opportunity for accumulation. The consciousness of being well-born has nerved many a fainting one to endure toils and privations well-nigh unheard-of, knowing within himself that the sun in eclipse is not less the sun, whose undiminished splendor will soon again shine upon the world.

But most secure of all earthly possessions as this seems, it is by no means absolutely so—an unworthy course of living may disgrace the best of names forever, while an heroic one may ennoble the meanest.

Talents, energies, knowledge, and, if properly exercised, their consequences, all give occasion to boast. But they are all precarious. Illness may destroy the brightest intellect, and disaster sweep away the greatest fortune; so that if our glorying is not in something higher than what we do or have, we may soon be humbled in the dust.

Have I been uttering old truisms? It is all because I want to say just this. Friends, don't struggle to push yourselves into a circle which you imagine beyond you, thereby confessing your own inferiority. If the truth were known, you yourself, when freed from your little taint of worldliness, may be worth far more than all its members put together; for, if you strive for social distinction, the probability is that you have fallen into the vulgar error of setting money above everything, and are ambitious to shine where gold does. But expend your energies upon your own self-improvement, and you will soon find that you are strong enough to make your own position. Live nobly and purely, and you must necessarily attract around you the noble and pure. And whether they are rich or poor, or distinguished or humble, makes no difference—you want your friends' hearts, not their material substance. Do you suppose Longfellow or Bryant ever had to think about social standing? Or the sweet, honorable, refined men and women whom you know if the world does not? Be complete in yourself, and as the years pass on you will find very little occasion to complain of your circle. All that may be safely left, for, as water finds its level, it will regulate itself. H.

HUSH.

"HUSH!" says the mother; "my baby, hush!"
And the cries of the little one cease;
And the baby reads in its mother's eyes
A lullaby song of peace.

"Hush!" sighs the soft breeze, after a storm
Has swept in a hurricane by;
And the trees lift their heads, while the trembling
leaves
Look up in the face of the sky.

"Hush!" at the word my repining is still;
I listen the message to hear;
When my ears catch the sound of that one tender
word,
I know that an angel is near.

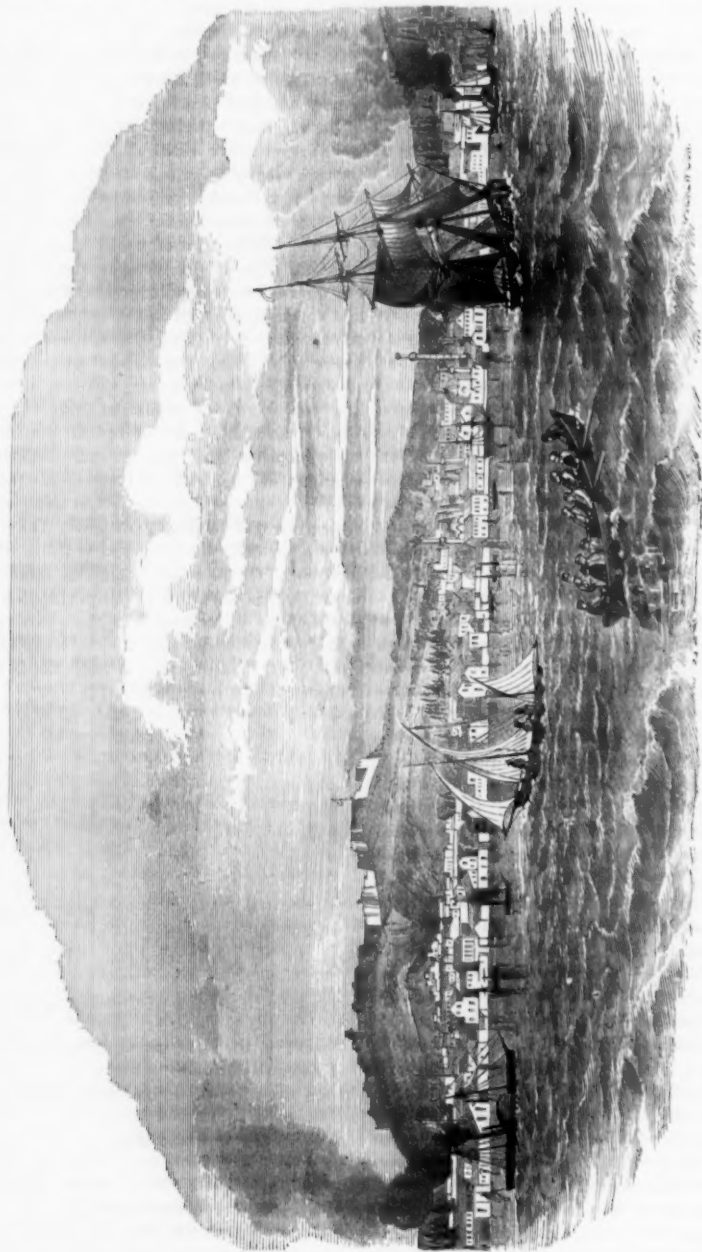
The angel of trust; and her sweet, loving eyes
Look tenderly down into mine;
Though my eyes fill with tears, they answer her
back,
I will not my will, but thine.

ALICE HAMILTON.

SMYRNA.

WE recently referred to the peculiar interest excited by ancient cities, especially those the old sites of which, covered with the *débris* of centuries, were partly occupied by towns of a later

examples of this kind. In fact, nearly every city here has more or less of attraction in its history—notably must this be the case with one which has contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer, and whose claim by many is thought to be the best founded.



SMYRNA.

date. And we went on to speak of the central portion of the Eastern Continent as most abounding in Smyrna, a seaport town of Asia Minor, is situated on the Gulf of Smyrna, and extends partly over the

ancient Mons-Pagus, and along the banks of the river Meles. The modern part was founded by Lysimachus, who laid out several handsome buildings, among them the *Homerum*, in which the poet was worshiped as a hero. Near the river is a grove in which he composed his poems. Among the ruins pointed out are the theatre, the temple and the Stadium, in which Polycarp suffered martyrdom. As Tarsus is of interest chiefly to the Christian as the birthplace of St. Paul, so is Smyrna as the scene of the life and labors of the father here referred to, for he was pastor of the first church in the city, one of the seven to which the Apostle John was commanded to address an epistle. Smyrna was destroyed by Tamerlane in 1402, and has since suffered vicissitudes, especially from destructive earthquakes and plagues. In July, 1845, it was devastated by a great fire.

Smyrna, as it is, presents a fine appearance from the sea, but is in general, wretchedly built. The houses are of wood, one story in height, and are mostly very dirty. The Frank and Greek quarters extend about two miles and a half along the sea, above the Armenian; next come two close quarters inhabited by the Jews, and above them is the Turkish part. Bazaars and market-places are constructed upon the marble ruins of the ancient theatre. Coffee-houses and gardens are scattered along the banks of the river, and extensive cemeteries occupy the declivities of Mount Pagus. Among the most noticeable buildings are an Armenian academy, the palace of the governor, the barracks, several synagogues, five Greek, two Catholic, two Armenian and two Protestant churches, and about twenty mosques, which are open at all times for the reception of Christians and others. The population is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, of which eighty thousand are Turks, forty thousand Greeks, fifteen thousand Jews, ten thousand Armenians and five thousand Franks.

Smyrna has been for several centuries the most important centre of trade in the Levant, conducted both by shipping on the waters of the Mediterranean, and caravans to and from Syria and Persia. The principal exports are dried fruits, cotton, silk, goat's-hair, sheep and camel's-wool, rabbit and hare-skins, madder and opium. Owing to the remarkable advantages of its situation, Smyrna has always speedily recovered from the effects of disaster, and risen again to its importance as one of the richest and most influential cities of Asia.

ONE cannot help asking whether weak moral natures must always be coddled at the expense of stronger ones. Weak natures are apt to be selfish. Have we not a right to ask whether the selfishness and the weakness may not both be increased by too generous a submission on the part of stronger natures? Are the weak always helped by having their burdens borne by the strong?—*Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.*

ALL IN THE SPRING-TIME.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY EMMA WILMOT.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH from New York, it matters not how many miles, but where the scenery of the Hudson is wildest and grandest, there stands a dwelling. It may not now be, and perhaps never was, a fit habitation for the kings of earth; but the man who, many years ago, planned and had it built after his own liking and English taste, certainly felt the throbbing of royal blood in his veins. And this house, erected upon a gentle slope and surrounded by majestic forest trees, takes after him. It, too, is royal! All the ornamental work, added by the late owner of "The Hammonds," cannot hide the original majesty of the old brick dwelling; although the deep bay-windows and porticoes of recent date contrast oddly with the broad entrances, supported by large pillars.

But then the late owner did not boast of royal blood. If he had any, he never knew it. In fact, he never inquired into the matter any further than to ask, who was Susan Mathews, when, as a child in his father's house, he read in the old family Bible that, in A. D. 1800, John Hammond had been joined in holy wedlock to the said Susan. He knew then that Mathews had been his mother's maiden name; but as curiosity never led him to make further inquiries concerning his ancestry, no information was given; so he lived and died without knowing who or what were his grandparents on either side.

But even if he did first open his eyes in a farmhouse of New England, he was born a free citizen of the United States, and as such he had the world before him to take what place in it he wished; aye, to be one of the kings of earth, as many of his contemporaries became who were born in humble places and dressed in "homespun."

But he chose to be a rich man. That was all. It was his one ambition, and he gained it; and a few years ago, when his long life of struggling after gold came to an end, he left his wife a fortune that was almost princely. Not a cent of his vast wealth could he take with him; so he left the world poorer than when he came into it. He came a pure life—he went out an impure one.

His wife, in her birth and life, her aims and ambitions, differed but little from her husband. He enjoyed making money, she enjoyed possessing it; so when he left everything to her, to be willed away at her discretion, she was satisfied. Her two children, Harry and Belle, were self-willed, and, having the entire fortune in her own hands, she had a hold upon them she could not otherwise have had.

It was two years after the death of Mr. Hammond that his widow and two children were discussing the arrival of a visitor.

"We will not have a dinner-party the very day he comes, Harry," the mother was saying; "but Mrs.

Weatherby will be here and Miss Hamil. With ourselves, that will be quite sufficient."

"And Hazel-witch," added the son.

"Harry, I wish you would learn that your cousin's name is Nora."

"I have learned it, and also that it does not suit her near so well as Hazel-witch."

"Do you expect us to invite her here to see every one who visits us, just because she happens to be our cousin and lives near us?" asked his sister Belle, a tall, elegant-looking woman of about twenty-three or four years.

Belle Hammond would have been a superbly handsome woman had not her manner, which she thought easy and refined, betrayed some indolence, and her haughtiness, that she considered so aristocratic, a little vulgarity. But she had been a belle now for several years, and could not endure the thought of a rival. That is why, perhaps, she was so bitter upon her cousin, Nora Montgomery. Not that Nora was one, nor had any aspirations in that direction; no, no, for to herself, and indeed to most every one else, she was simply Nora! But Belle saw in her the making of a handsome woman. She was barely eighteen, just from school, and had come to live in the Hammond neighborhood with an aunt—for she was an orphan—in a very plain, unpretending style. Belle was bitterly opposed to giving her the advantages of society and refinement that she would naturally find in the Hammond mansion; so it came that Nora's invitations to visit her rich cousins were few.

"Well, Hazel must come some time while Darrell is here, anyhow," continued Harry.

"I do not see where the must comes in," said Belle.

"Because I say must; that is where. She is the very one to suit Darrell; and even if she doesn't suit any one else, she does me." So saying, he left the room.

"Mother," said Belle, "surely Harry cannot be such a simpleton as to fall in love with that penniless country girl."

"Trust Harry for that, Belle," she answered. "He has too much love for self to do anything of that kind. Miss Hamil's fortune has its effect upon him, as I intended it should."

But Harry, while they continued discussing him, was seeking the company of that "penniless girl."

He strolled on leisurely through the sweet spring air, cutting, with a switch he carried, the ox-eyed daisies that grew along the roadside. Presently turning into a lane, he followed it until he stopped at the whitest of white fences. It inclosed a yard, laid off in stiff grass-plats and flower-beds, and in the centre stood a cottage, prim and neat, that any one would have taken, at a glance, to be the property of a maiden on the shady side of life. Near the portico was a figure, girlish but womanly. Its back was turned to Harry, so he leaned over the fence to watch it. The gray dress, with its black velvet cuffs and collar, was anything but the property of an old maid; and the rough straw hat, trimmed with flowers similar

to the ones he had just been despoiling, sat jauntily upon the well-shaped head. This woman was not so large nor so stately as his sister Belle, but there was a dignity and grace about her that he admired as he watched her watering the flowers.

"I say, Nora," he finally called, "why do you not ask me in?"

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed, as she turned and bent back her head so that a pair of roguish brown eyes might be seen under her hat-brim. "Because the gate is there, and if you want to come you will do so anyhow."

So he opened it, and soon stood beside her.

"Why do you water your flowers in the morning? Evening is the time," he said.

"In the first place, the flowers are not mine, but I water them now because I like to be out in the morning air. Aunt Rachie" (Rachel it was, but this girl had a way of using pet names for the people and things belonging to her) "does not mind, for the sun will not reach them until the water is so well soaked in that it cannot hurt."

"You are very emphatic in your assertion that they are not a part of your personal property."

"To tell the truth, Harry, I would not be proud to number them among my possessions. I would rather own those," and she pointed over the fence to a field wild with weeds.

"Why?"

"Oh, if you cannot see, I will not tell you! The seeds of these," pointing back to the flowers, "came from the Patent Office, and I often wonder if some of the men there did not invent them, cross-grained old things!"

"Who—the men?"

"No, the flowers."

"Nora, please spare my boots," Harry suddenly exclaimed, as she gave them a good sprinkling.

"Then keep them off Aunt Rachie's grass."

"Why, have you a spite against it, too?"

"No, it is all right, but no one is allowed to walk on it," she answered, as she took a seat upon the steps of the portico.

"I say, Hazel-witch, there is going to be some grand company at our house."

"Indeed! Who?" she asked, manifesting more than usual curiosity over anything that happened at "The Hammonds."

"So you are interested at last in something that is going on at our house, are you?"

"Not very much," she replied, carelessly. "I was a little surprised at your using that adjective grand, because I thought all your company was that. These must be something extra for you to speak so of them."

"Well, these, or rather this, or, better still, perhaps, he is a little extra—at least Belle thinks so."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Darrell."

"Mr.!—only a Mr.? Not a Count, nor a Duke, nor a Sir somebody? Not even an Hon. Mr.? Harry, you must be fooling."

"No, he is only a Mr."

"Then wherein does his grandness lie?"

"He is rich."

"Ah! I thought you would hardly call him extra if his extraneous was in himself alone. This time it is in his pocket."

He waited for her to continue, but she was quietly looking over the sunshiny fields.

"Nora, why don't you take more interest and ask some questions?"

"What more is there to learn? He is nothing but a simple Mr., but he is rich. Is that not enough for any one woman to know?"

"You would not look at a man who was only a simple Mr., would you?"

"That would depend—"

"Upon what?"

"Whether he was good-looking."

"Then you would marry a man for his good looks?"

"Oh, you are talking about marrying! I did not know. In that case, perhaps, I should look twice."

"Nora, you must see this Darrell."

"I do not care to."

"He is a handsome fellow."

"So is Carlo," she answered, as she caught the head of her Newfoundland dog between her hands and gave it a good shaking.

"Why can't I interest you this morning? I try so hard."

"You do, immensely; but, Harry, never try to entertain me, I am not worth it."

He had tried to draw her out to talk in her quaint, natural manner, but could not; so he lit a cigar, while she took her scissors and commenced pruning a rose-vine of its dead sprigs.

"So, Nora, you have no curiosity about this Darrell?" asked Harry, finally.

"No. Why should I?"

"Do not care to know from whence he came?"

"You told me he was Sir Nobody from nowhere."

"I did not, for he is a somebody that has been traveling all over the world—speaks many languages, and is a grand Mogul generally. So I want you to see him."

"When will you have him on exhibition?"

"He arrives next week. Will you come over?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I do not fit 'The Hammonds,' and it does not suit me. I would be sure to do something to offend Belle, and then be lectured, and I do not choose to receive it."

"But I want you. You suit me."

"Yes, I amuse you sometimes, I suppose; but do you know, Harry, I do not care to amuse people?" earnestly.

"Do you remember when I first saw you, Nora?" he asked, to change the subject, for he was afraid to pursue it further now that she was becoming interested. He always lost in argument with her.

"It was last fall, when we were digging a well," he continued. "You and Aunt Rachel were standing in the yard as I rode past."

"Yes, I remember now. You had not succeeded in finding water, and I advised you to walk over the ground with a piece of witch-hazel in your hand. It turns when near it."

"That was it; and I laughed all the way home at the idea, and have called you by that name ever since. By the way, it suits you wonderfully well. Your eyes are hazel."

"What did you tell Belle about me that day?"

"I said our new cousin had arrived, and that she was a perfect hazel-witch; and when she wanted to know what that meant I told her."

"And she curled her scornful lip at the idea also, did she?"

"You must not be too hard on Belle, Nora. She does not mean to be on you; but she says you sometimes say and do things that actually mortify her. For instance, you told Mrs. Weatherby about Aunt Clarice—if that is her name—breaking her carriage that was fifty years old, and that she had to walk every place then, because she could not get it mended."

"Well, Mrs. Weatherby was talking about breaking her carriage; and it was so funny about Aunt Clarice. Part of it broke, and the horses walked right off home, leaving the carriage in the road."

"Yes, that was the way you told it, I believe; but Belle thought it mean to inform her of its age and the mending part. You need not tell everybody that we have such poor relations."

Nora laughed heartily at this. "Belle ought to be glad Aunt Clarice has a carriage to talk about at all. I have none. Beside, Belle need not feel so ashamed of it; she is no connection of *hers*. She is *my* aunt. Harry, you have often heard me talk of her; what do you suppose she is like?"

"Well, I suppose she is rather old, with white hair, and wears glasses. She dresses trim like Aunt Rachel, but not so fashionably perhaps; for, living away down in Louisiana, she does not see many people; and spends her time reading 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Again Nora laughed. "Why, Harry, she is positively regal! She has the bearing of a queen; but I expect she does read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' because she reads everything, and is always surrounded by company."

"Now, why couldn't you have told Mrs. Weatherby that?"

"Because carriages was the subject under discussion, broken ones at that."

"Well, I hope you will not give Darrell any such information when you see him. It is not necessary to tell him about the poverty of our relations."

"I certainly shall not, because I do not know any of them who are particularly poverty-stricken. They are not on my side of the house."

"O Nora, Nora, you will misunderstand. I mean simply in straitened circumstances, like you and

Aunt Rachel, for instance. Do you know I am very sorry you two have no more?"

He uttered the last in a low, gentle tone, because he liked this girl Nora, and he wanted to work himself into her affections. But this time he fell far below his mark, for she turned upon him, in a mock-serious manner—she did not care enough to be angry—and bowing very low, said: "Thank you, but we are no more subjects for your pity than we are for your charity."

"There, there," he stammered, "I have made another mistake, so am going."

"Wait a minute first; Miss Hamil is visiting you, too, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"A girl from Maryland, rich—"

"Of course."

"Tolerably good-looking, and—well I believe that is about all."

"Are you not afraid she will mortify Belle when this wonderful Mr. Darrell puts in an appearance? Had you better not post her as to what to say, and what withhold?"

"Oh, she is *au fait*."

"Is she indeed? Well, good-bye, and I hope Mr. Darrell will arrive safely."

"Harry seems very fond of dropping in here now, Nora. He never came so often when I was alone," said her aunt, when she entered the house.

"Ah! Aunt Rachie, there is nothing like having a talker in the house. Do you know the Hammonds amuse me very much," and Nora laughed over some recollection of their treatment of her. "Belle and her mother always act with me as if I were a child, and not to be trusted alone; while Harry likes to talk with me, but he gives me to understand that he enjoys my society upon the same principle that he would any curiosity. They are going to have some grand company, as he terms him, a Mr. Darrell, and he came over to ask me to visit 'The Hammonds' for the sole purpose of amusing that gentleman."

"And you are going?"

"No, ma'am!" emphatically. "The invitation was from Harry alone; but even had it been from Cousin Anne or Belle, I should not go. I am not wanted by them, that is evident."

"Yes you will go if they ask you, Nora."

"No, aunt."

"Yes, Nora, to please me."

"I cannot see why it would please you to have me visit a place when I am not wanted."

"It would please me though, Nora, for all that."

"Listen!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly rushing to the door, as a scream and the barks of Carlo reached her ear. In front of the gate stood a lady with outstretched hands, while her white face depicted the terror she felt as Carlo raced up and down on the inside the fence barking vigorously.

"Carlo!" called Nora, "go to your house, sir. Do not be alarmed, Miss, he cannot get to you," she continued, as she passed down the gravel walk

toward her. "Go, I tell you!" as Carlo seemed inclined to wait and receive the lady with her. He hurried around the house while Nora opened the gate and passed out. "You are terribly frightened, come in," she said, taking the stranger's hand and leading her to the house.

"Your dog again, Nora," said her aunt, as they entered the room.

"Now, nothing about Carlo, Aunt Rachie," the girl replied. "Just suppose it had been a tramp, instead of this lady; you would have thought he acted all right."

"But it never is a tramp he frightens, but some one coming to the house or passing by."

"But the tramp *will* come some day and be frightened away; then Carlo will be turned into a hero. Just have patience, Aunt Rachie; my dog's day is coming."

"I wish the day had come for him to go."

Nora paid no attention to this, but drew the stranger a comfortable arm-chair, removed her hat and bathed her face in Bay-water.

"It was shameful in Carlo to treat you so badly, but he is a great blusterer, he would not hurt, really."

"It was my fault, I expect. I was out walking and strayed into your lane. I did not see the dog, but slipped my hand through the railing for a flower. He was lying in the grass and sprang at me. You see he thought I was one of the kind that should be kept away. I suppose his dogship's idea of honor is very exalted, and he thought if I would take a flower, even the house would not be safe while I was lurking around."

"But he should have been more gallant than to refuse a lady a flower. You see I will abuse him myself, but will not allow any one else to do so. He is all I have, that is the reason."

"All you have?" inquired the stranger, tenderly, for there was something so pathetic in the way Nora uttered it, that aroused her sympathy.

"Oh, I mean by that," she laughingly returned, "he is all the beau I have. He escorts me everywhere, and is excellent company. I could not get along without Carlo; but he is always rushing pell-mell at somebody, and getting himself, and me, too, into trouble. In fact he does not enjoy the best name in the world. The trouble is, he is not careful in selecting his victims. It happens to be some one from 'The Hammonds' that he frightens, nearly always; and then I have all the hateful crew—"

"Nora!" came warningly from her aunt.

"Yes, aunt, I know I ought not, but I mean some of the aristocratic crew, if that suits you better, come down upon me, and curl their scornful lips at me and my dog, and say that he is queer company for a young lady to keep. Then I am very apt to reply that he is the best the neighborhood affords."

The stranger laughed pleasantly. "Well, it is a little queer, but I am from 'The Hammonds.'"

Nora laughed, too, not in the least disconcerted.

"Well, I do believe that is the reason. Carlo does not like the people at 'The Hammonds.'"

"Nora!"

"Yes, aunt, I said Carlo did not seem to like the people at 'The Hammonds'; but then the dog is prejudiced. So you must be Miss Hamil," she said, to the stranger. "Harry told me you were there."

"Yes, that is my name. I am visiting Belle. Won't you walk part of the way back with me. If we should grow into friends now, I should have something to thank Carlo for, after all."

"Nora, do not stay long," called her aunt, as the two girls started out together.

"Nor talk much," added Nora. "Yes, ma'am, thank you; I'll try-not."

"This is a beautiful country," Miss Hamil said, "and I enjoy walking; but at 'The Hammonds' they ride so much. Do you walk often?"

"Rather!" Nora replied, "seeing that I am nearly always out, and have nothing to ride; unless I should saddle Carlo. I never thought of that before; but then I believe I would rather run with him, than on him, any time. Yes, I am talking of making a beast of burden of you, Carlo, my friend," she said, laughing as the dog crept slyly up to her side. "Do not be afraid, Miss Hamil, he knows by this time that you are a friend. You see Harry and I are always fighting, and—"

"Fighting!" exclaimed Miss Hamil.

"Oh, I do not mean scratching and biting, only disagreeing."

"Why is that?"

"I cannot tell, unless it is that he is made of gunpowder and I of fire. Neither do we quarrel openly," she continued, "because that would be too much trouble for me to take; but wait, you will see what I mean. I am not going any further with you now, for you will be in sight of home when you make that turn in the road; but I will wait here under this tree until you are out of sight," and Nora took a seat upon the green moss, leaning her head against the trunk of the oak.

"Now, my dog, stay with me and let me know when any one is coming," she said, carelessly.

She had not been resting long when Carlo sprang to the roadside, and a gentleman, who was walking rapidly and had come upon her unnoticed, raised his cane to strike him.

"Do not hit my dog," she said, springing to her feet.

"Then keep your dog—I beg your pardon," as he noticed her for the first time. "He jumped out so suddenly that it startled me."

"And I beg yours for him," she replied, "but the truth is, I suppose he took you for a tramp."

"Has he an aversion to that species of the *genus homo*?" he inquired, laughing.

"He has never seen one, that I know of, but I am always telling him, if he will only scare one out of the neighborhood sometime, his reputation is made, and he is so zealous in the cause that he tries every passer-by in hope of one day making his fortune by a lucky hit."

"Then he has made it now, for I am a tramp, only I am not going to allow him to frighten me out of

the neighborhood. I should like to accommodate Carlo, and when I leave will let him drive me away; but just now I should like to know something more of this country. Where will this road lead me that I am now tramping?"

"Well, round that bend, past 'The Hammonds,' through a little village, but large enough to contain a hotel," she thoughtfully added, "on over a long, steep hill, past many fine residences, and you will come to a little town, a railroad town. That is as far as I have been, but the road runs on, through small places and larger ones until it reaches New York."

"And that being the centre of the world, and the all-important place, it stops there, I suppose?"

"Oh, by no means! 'The Hammonds' is by far the most important place upon the road, and as it runs by it, I suppose it continues on through New York, and on, and on, till it comes back to 'The Hammonds' again."

He laughed heartily at this. "Thank you for the information, and I think I will take a look at that wonderful place. Just around the bend, you say? Good-morning," lifting his hat, politely. "I will not forget that I am to bring Carlo his fortune."

"Well, I do think!" the girl exclaimed, when he was out of hearing. "Carlo, mind old fellow, you are not to scare up another bit of game to-day, male or female, old or young." The dog stood wagging his tail and looking up at her, as she lectured him. "Now just suppose Aunt Rachie had been with us, or that that last impudent '*genus homo*' had been on his way to the establishment just up the road. Your fortune would have been settled, I am afraid, in a dose of arsenic surreptitiously administered, at the instigation of Belle, by some of their over-awed domestics. And I would like to know if Belle herself could round a sentence like that? Now for my own sake, Carlo, and yours, I have to correct you." She caught him by the collar and gave him a few little cuts with a switch she picked up.

"Now go!" He obeyed by racing up the road at his utmost speed, only to return to her in a few moments, seemingly overjoyed at the meeting. She was as much pleased at it as the dog himself, and romped with him until they reached the lane.

"I tell you, Carlo, it is a glorious thing to have a companion like you, who never gets tired, nor sick, nor afraid of sunshine, rain, hail nor snow because they have no complexion to spoil. By the way, what kind have I? Let me look into your eyes and see. Oh, such old dog eyes! I tell you what I'll do," and she laughed heartily as she sat upon the grass under one of the large cherry-trees that bordered the lane, "I'll write Aunt Rachie a note, asking for a hand-glass, and send it by you. Now take it," as she placed the paper between his teeth and started him off toward the house.

"I should like to see Aunt Rachie when she receives it," she murmured, looking after him. She soon forgot him, though, and sat quite still, watching

the birds flocking in the trees after the fast-ripening fruit.

"Back already!" she exclaimed, as the dog came dashing up to her. "And with a note: 'Cousin Belle is here.' Ah, Carlo, such a return as you have brought me! I shall catch it now, certain," and she hastened to the house.

"How did you come?" she asked as she entered. "Not by the road, for I have been down there nearly all morning."

"No," answered Belle, "I came through the fields. Miss Hamil walked out this morning in this direction, and I came out looking for her."

"Thanks to Miss Hamil for your visit," laughing.

"Oh, I should have come in a day or two anyhow, to invite you over," Belle answered, patronizingly. "You must meet Miss Hamil."

"I have done that already."

"Yes, Aunt Rachel told me she was frightened by the dog (and no wonder) and came in. But I meant you must call on her. So I want you to come over to-morrow to dinner."

"Thank you; but—"

"There is no but in the question, Nora. Aunt Rachel says you must, and you are hardly old enough yet to refuse an engagement made for you."

"You and Aunt Rachie have made all the arrangements, then? I suppose I will have to carry them out."

"Of course," continued Belle. "It will be a great advantage to you to meet society at our house. Your manners are not exactly what they should be, and you must learn through association and by experience what is expected of you as a member of society."

The pink in Nora's cheeks deepened into scarlet as Belle spoke, but her eyes danced with amusement.

"But, Belle, I never expect to go into society."

"That is nonsense. No matter how secluded you may be here"—this time it was in the face of the aunt that the color deepened, only her eyes flashed angrily—"as our cousin," Belle went on, "you will become acquainted with and enter society; and I want you to learn many things now unknown to you."

"I am learning a variety of things already, Belle."

"I am glad to hear it, and I trust you will improve. Now I must go. Good-bye, Aunt Rachel, I hope you will talk to her about this matter; and, Nora, do not forget to-morrow to dinner."

"Where is my note, Aunt Rachie, and why did you not send me a glass?" asked Nora, as soon as she was gone.

"Nora, how can you be so trifling? I do not know where it is; I laid it on the table."

"Did you let Belle see it?"

"No; of course not. Do you suppose I wanted her wrath down upon your head as well as my own?"

"Then she took it. You see it is not here. I think there are many things she ought to learn. Aunt Rachie, do you really wish me to go to 'The Hammonds' to-morrow?"

"I certainly do. No matter how disagreeably Belle puts it, visiting there will be an advantage to you, and I want you to go."

"Well, I will; but I certainly hope I will have the common sense not to grow like any of them."

THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

WHEN hearts were young and life was new,
We roamed the gardens over,
Through morning damp or evening dew,
To find the four-leaf'd clover.

At noontide paused beside the path
That led to cooling shadows,
Inhaling all the fragrant breath
Of red-topp'd clover meadows;

And plucked the modest blossom there,
So full of sweets and graces,
Which grew in such profusion rare,
And smiled up in our faces.

While sitting 'neath the elm-tree's shade,
Above the school-house lonely,
Our fingers through the grasses stray'd
To find the four-leaf only.

O happy time! O days of youth!
So bright with hope and feeling;
The memory of thy trust and truth
Is down the long years stealing.

When but a four-leaf'd clover made
The day so fair and cheery;
I find thy promise long delay'd,
While I am waiting weary.

LEWIS OLIVER.

CHILDREN.—Those who love children are not those who merely love the pleasure they can get from children; those love, not the children, but that pleasure, and the moment it ceases to be pleasure, then farewell to the children. Those who really love children love all about them—the troubling and the teasing that they make, the washing, and wiping, and worrying; they do not tire with their fretting, they are not disgusted with their care, they are not annoyed with their questioning, they are not made nervous by their bawling; they take them in their entirety. It never occurs to them to say that these things are disagreeable, for, in reality, the agreeable things, the loveliness, the velvet cheeks, the exquisite mouth with its little pearls, the perfect eyes, the opening soul, the charming intelligence, the constant sense of the creation of a new human being going on under the eyes, the receptivity of love, the thing for love, all so far overbalance anything that is not in accord with them as to put it entirely out of sight and mind.

THE TWO MOTTOES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

TWO young men were standing in the office of the diligence at Cernay, where they had come to take places for Kayserberg. They seemed about the same age, but differed much in appearance. One was small, dark, quick in his movements, and with a hasty and impatient manner, which betrayed, at the first glance, his southern origin. The other one, on the contrary, tall, light and with a fresh color, was the type of that mixed Alsatian race, in which we find the demonstrative character of the French tempered by the good-nature of the German. Both had at their feet small trunks, upon which the address of each had been sealed with wax. Upon one of them might be read, "Henry Fortin, Marseilles;" and upon the seal at each corner, this device: "*Mon droit*." * Upon the other was written, "Joseph Mulyen, Strasburg," and the legend upon the seal of, "*Caritas*." †

The clerk had just written their names upon the register and added the essential designation, *with two trunks*, when Henry demanded the weight of them. The clerk answered that they would be weighed at Kayserberg; but the young man alleged that it would be troublesome to submit to such a formality at the moment of arriving there, and added, that he had a right to have it done immediately. The clerk thus pressed, was obstinate on his side; Joseph wished to interpose, but in vain. He remarked to Henry that they would hardly have time enough for dinner. But in virtue of his device, the Marseillaise never yielded when he believed himself right, and he always believed it. The discussion was prolonged until the clerk, fatigued, left the office and returned to his own room. Henry wished to continue the discussion with the factor, but happily he could only speak German, and Henry was obliged to yield and follow his companion to the inn, which he did in a very ill-humor.

"You would make a saint swear," cried he, as soon as he found himself alone with his cousin. "Why you would not even sustain me against that obstinate fellow."

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, smiling, "that it was he who needed to be sustained; you heaped up arguments as if it were a suit at law which would compromise your future or honor."

"It is better in your opinion not to defend one's right."

"When the right is not worth the trouble of defending it."

"Ah, that is like you," interrupted Henry, with warmth; "you are always ready to yield; you do not think of defending yourself until people walk over you. In place of regarding the world as a field of battle, you think it is a parlor, where everybody practices politeness."

"No," said Joseph, "but as a great vessel, where

the passengers owe each other kindness and tolerance. Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy."

"As for me, I hold every man my enemy until he declares himself my friend," replied Fortin. "It is a degree of prudence which always succeeded with me, and I engage that you will have recourse to it in Kayserberg. We will find ourselves there in presence of the other heirs of our uncle, who will not fail to procure for themselves as large a portion of the estate as they can. For my part, I am decided that I will not make any concession to them."

Speaking thus the two cousins arrived at the White-horse Inn. The dining-room in which they entered was empty; but a large table was set at one end, and the landlady had just put there plates for three. Henry ordered her to put on plates for Joseph and himself.

"Please excuse me, sir," said the woman, "we cannot serve you here."

"Why not," demanded the young man.

"Because the persons for whom we have set the table desire to eat alone."

"Let them eat in their own room then," replied Henry, bluntly, "this is the common room and the common table, every traveler has a right to be served here."

"What difference does it make to us whether we dine in this room or another one," said Joseph.

"And what difference does it make to these people if we are here," replied Henry.

"They arrived before monsieur," objected the landlady.

"Then those who arrive first make the laws in your inn," cried Henry.

"Besides, we knew these persons."

"And so you think more of them than you do of us."

"Monsieur ought to understand that when one deals with customers—"

"The other travelers must submit to their caprices."

"We will serve you in another room"

"With what is left by the three privileged guests, I suppose."

The landlady appeared hurt.

"If the gentleman fears a bad dinner at the White-horse, there are other inns in Cernay."

"That is what I was thinking," replied Henry, quickly taking up his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who wished to detain him, he started out, and rapidly disappeared.

Mulyen knew by experience that it was best to leave his cousin alone in his freaks, as any effort to bring him out of them, only excited his militant disposition. He decided to leave Henry to seek his fortune elsewhere, and to be served himself in the next room. But just as he was going to it, the three persons for whom the dinner was prepared appeared in the dining-room. The party consisted of an old lady and her niece accompanied by a man of about fifty years, who seemed to be their protector.

* My right.

† Charity.

The landlady related to them what had passed, but stopped suddenly on seeing Joseph. He bowed and wished to retire, but the gentleman detained him.

"I am grieved, monsieur," said he, "at the dispute which has just taken place. In asking to dine alone, we wished to avoid persons whose conversations and manners would be unpleasant to these ladies, but did not wish to drive away travelers from the White-horse, as your friend seemed to think, and to prove this, I pray you to be kind enough to take a seat at the table with us."

Joseph wished to excuse himself, assuring them that he was not hurt by a precaution which he considered quite right; but M. Rosman (the name given by the ladies to their protector), insisted upon it in so friendly a tone that Joseph was obliged to yield.

The old lady, who appeared unaccustomed to traveling, gave a groan as she seated herself opposite to him with her niece.

"Are you tired, Charlotte?" asked M. Rosman.

"Am I tired!" cried the old lady, "spending a whole day in a carriage which jolts like a see-saw; having meals at improper times; running all sorts of dangers, for I do not know how it is that we were not overturned a hundred times, the diligence tripped over so much—ah! I would give a year of my life if our journey was finished."

"Happily the exchange is impossible," observed the young girl, who smiled and hugged her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you all laugh at those things," replied Madame Charlotte, in a tone half-angry and half-affectionate; "the young girls now are afraid of nothing! They travel on railroads and steamboats; they would go in balloons if the service was established. It is the revolution which has made them so daring. Before the revolution the bravest would go no further than to ride in a cart or on an ass; even then it was necessary to have business to attend to. I have often heard my mother say that she had never wished to travel any way, except on foot."

"Then she never went beyond the chief town in the canton," observed M. Rosman.

"That did not hinder her from being a good and happy wife," replied Madame Charlotte. "When the bird has built its nest, it remains in it. The present fashion of being always on the highways destroys the love of family and the fireside. People accustom themselves to dispense with home, they are at home everywhere. That may be advantageous for society, but it renders the individuals less good and less happy."

"Oh, nonsense, Charlotte, you talk so about traveling on account of the jolting," said M. Rosman, gayly, "but I hope that prejudice will not last in presence of this soup, there is no better made at Fontaine. I appeal to your impartiality."

The conversation continued in a tone of pleasant familiarity. Joseph at first kept a discreet silence; but M. Rosman addressed him several times, and the conversation had become general when they were informed that the diligence was ready to depart.

They all hurried to settle with the landlady and reach the office in time. On arriving there, Joseph perceived his cousin running toward them. The time which Mulyen had passed in eating his dinner, Henry had spent running from one inn to another without finding anything prepared, and at last, pressed by time, he was forced to buy some fruit and a roll, which he was finishing.

This anchorite repast had not, as one may suppose, sweetened his humor. Joseph perceived that, and made no remarks to him. The travelers were preparing to take their places in the diligence, when the clerk discovered that he had made a mistake in registering the passengers, and that the coach was full.

"Full!" repeated Henry, "but we have paid for our places."

"I will return the money to you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," cried the young man; "when you accepted it, that made a contract between us; I have a right to go, and I will go."

As he pronounced these words he seized the strap and climbed to the top of the coach where there was one vacant place; the traveler to whom it belonged came to claim it, but Henry persisted in declaring that no one had any right to make him give up his place, and that if any one tried to force him, he would fight for it. Joseph endeavored to make a compromise, but in vain. The Marseillaise, whom the want of a dinner had exasperated, persisted in his revolution.

"*Chacun son droit*," cried he, "that is my motto; yours is '*Caritas*;' be charitable then, if you wish, but I claim to be no more than just; I have paid for that place, it belongs to me, and I shall keep it."

The traveler, whom he had displaced, urged priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied with the text of the law. They exchanged explanations, recriminations and menaces for some time.

Madame Charlotte, who heard it all, gave some heavy groans, and recommenced her complaints against journeys in general and public coaches in particular. At last, Joseph, seeing that the discussion became more and more violent, proposed to the clerk to put horses to a cabriolet for himself and the displaced traveler. The expedient was accepted by the parties interested, and the diligence departed.

It was December, and the air which was damp and cold when they started, became still more cold toward evening. Henry, accustomed to the warm sun of Provence, although he had buttoned his traveling-coat up to his chin, shivered as a leaf in the wind. His face was blue and his teeth chattered. Soon a fine rain commenced to fall, and penetrated his clothing. His neighbor, protected by a large cloak, could have sheltered him, but he was a large man who was very tender of his own person, and very indifferent to other people. When Henry refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession the fat man had approved of his conduct, and

declared that "every one traveled on his own account," a principle that Henry had then found perfectly reasonable, but of which he now suffered from the application. However, in the middle of the journey the fat merchant put his head out of his cloak, and looking at his neighbor, said: "You appear cold, monsieur."

"I am wet to the marrow," replied Henry, who could hardly speak.

The fat traveler shook himself in his cloak as if the better to enjoy his comfortable condition.

"It is very unwholesome to be wet," said he, philosophically; "another time, I advise you to have a cloak like mine; they are very warm, and not dear."

This advice given, the fat man wrapped his chin in his collar and went to sleep comfortably.

When they arrived at Kayersberg, Henry got down from the diligence half dead with the cold, and reached the inn kitchen. A bright fire burned; but when he entered he perceived the hearth surrounded by a circle of travelers, among whom were Mulyen and the stranger whose place Henry had taken. They had been able to take the cabriolet by a shorter route, and had arrived a half hour before the diligence.

At sight of his sad state, Mulyen hastened to yield his place to his cousin. As for Mulyen's companion, he could not avoid laughing.

"Indeed, I ought to thank monsieur for chasing me from the roof of the coach," said he, "for without his usurpation I should have found myself frozen as he is, instead of being as warm as I am now."

Henry was in too bad a position to reply. He seated himself before the fire and endeavored to warm himself. As soon as he had recovered a little from the exposure, he demanded a room and a bed. But the fair of Kayersberg had just closed, and the inn was filled with people. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived earlier, had not been able to find anything but a couch, which Joseph had generously renounced in favor of his companion. However, after much searching, a vacant bed was found in one of the rooms; but the room was occupied by some peddlers, who refused to receive any stranger.

"Have they hired the room for themselves alone?" demanded Henry.

"By no means," replied the inn-keeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the vacant bed."

"Without any doubt."

"And what reason do they give for refusing another companion in their room?"

"They give no reason. All four of them appear to be rough fellows, and no one cared to have a quarrel with them."

Henry rose quickly.

"That is a weakness!" cried he. "For my part, I will not spend an uncomfortable night because it suits four strangers to monopolize the beds of your

inn. Conduct me to their room. They must listen to reason."

"Take care, Henry," observed Mulyen; "they are coarse, rough men."

"And these vices give them the privilege of making us sit up to-night?" said Henry, sharply. "No, indeed; I will go to bed in spite of them."

He had taken his cap, and was going out with the inn-keeper; but M. Rosman, who had come in to look for a servant to carry his baggage, heard the words exchanged between the two cousins. He advanced toward them, and said in a pleasant manner: "I see you are in trouble, gentlemen, about lodging for the night."

"I will not be in trouble very long," interrupted Henry, who wished to pass out.

"One moment," replied M. Rosman; "these men will, perhaps, reply to your reasons by abuse, and you will have trouble to make them recognize your rights. Accept a bed with me, gentlemen. I live a short distance from here, and it will give me pleasure to accommodate you."

Henry and Joseph bowed and thanked him, but with a perceptible difference of tone. Mulyen's was grateful and pleasant; Henry's, though polite, was constrained. He had not forgotten that M. Rosman was the first cause of the meagre dinner he had eaten at Cernay.

"Monsieur is very obliging," said he, softening his voice, "but I would not like to put him to so much trouble. Besides, it will be a good thing to give these men a lesson, and teach them to respect the rights of other people."

Saying this, he bowed and went to find the room occupied by the peddlers. Joseph, fearing trouble, followed him; but whether the peddlers had changed their purpose, or whether the resolute air of Henry overawed them, they only grumbled a little; notwithstanding which he took possession of the bed.

His cousin, reassured, descended to the dining-room, and followed M. Rosman, who had kindly waited for him.

On arriving at M. Rosman's, he found Madame Charlotte and her niece preparing tea by a fire of pine cones. The two ladies received him with courtesy, forced him to take a place at the table, whilst Louise filled the cups. As for Madame Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the troubles of the journey; she declared she felt the motion of the diligence while sitting in her arm-chair, and heard the noise of the wheels in the humming of the tea-kettle. She, however, inquired what had become of the young man who had taken by force the seat on the coach. M. Rosman related what had happened at the inn.

"He seeks everywhere war or law," cried Madame Charlotte. "He is a man to fly from as from fire."

"You could not find a more loyal heart," observed Mulyen. "He believes that he must follow his motto: '*Chacun son droit*.'"

"Whilst yours is, '*Caritas*,'" replied the old lady, smiling. "Oh, I have heard all about it."

"You travel together?" demanded M. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Joseph, "and we came to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which will take place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Madame Charlotte, astonished.

"Tha of our uncle, Dr. Harvey."

M. Rosman and the two ladies started.

"Ah! Are you relations of the doctor?" said M. Rosman. "Accident could not have served you better, sir, for I was his old companion and his best friend."

This recognition served to introduce a conversation respecting the deceased gentleman. Mulyen had never seen him, but he felt for him that respectful affection that instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor, listened with much interest to all that they recounted of his life and his last moments. At last, after one of those intimate conversations in which hearts lay themselves open without disguise, Mulyen went to the room which had been provided for him, enchanted with his hosts, who, on their part, were equally satisfied.

Fatigue prolonged his sleep, and when he awoke the next morning it was already late. He dressed himself in haste to rejoin his cousin, and go with him to the notary; but he found the notary in the parlor in company with M. Rosman and Henry, who had been sent for. Madame Charlotte and Louise were not long in making their appearance.

When they were all together, M. Rosman turned toward the two young men and said: "We all know the business which has brought you to Kaysersberg, for my sister-in-law, Madame Charlotte Revel, and Mademoiselle Louise Armand, to whom I am tutor, have come for the same purpose."

The two young men saluted the ladies, who returned the salutation.

"I thought," continued M. Rosman, "that the reading of the doctor's will could be done at my house, since chance has brought here all the interested parties."

Henry replied by a sign of assent. They all seated themselves, and the notary took the will to break the seal, when he stopped.

"This will," said he, "is of an old date; and during his last months, M. Harvey expressed to me many times his intention to destroy it, so as to leave his heirs the share regulated by law. That he has not done it, I can only attribute to his sudden death. I have stated this to clear my conscience. Now I ask of all present if they will not fulfill the doctor's intention, and annul this will by common consent, before any one knows whether it will enrich him or despoil him."

This unexpected proposition was followed by a pause of some instants. Mulyen was the first to speak.

"For my part," said he, in a modest tone, "not having any particular claim upon the kindness of the deceased, I cannot regard it as a sacrifice to accept an equal division, and I willingly accede."

"I will put no obstacle in the way," said Madame Charlotte.

"And I consent in the name of my pupil," added M. Rosman.

"Then," said the notary, turning toward Henry, "it only remains for monsieur."

Henry appeared embarrassed.

"I, like my cousin," said he, "have no reason to hope that the will is in my favor. But for that reason I ought to be the more cautious. Whatever may have been the intentions of the doctor, his will alone should be evidence to-day. To destroy it in advance, is to attack at the same time the right of the testator and that of his unknown legatee."

"We will speak no more of it," interrupted the notary; "only unanimity could make my proposition legitimate. Let us act according to law, as monsieur demands. You will please listen."

At these words, he tore the envelope, opened the will and read as follows:

"Of my four heirs I know but two—my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louise Armand. But they both have but one interest, as they have but one heart, and they form in reality only one person. I have then really on that side but one heir, my niece Louise. My first intention was to give her all that I possess; but between my two nephews one may be found equally worthy of my interest. There remains only the difficulty of distinguishing which is most worthy. Not being able to do it myself, and knowing the intelligence and tact of my niece Louise, I refer to her judgment; and I declare the one which she will choose for husband to be my sole legatee."

"HARVEY."

After this reading there was a long silence. The two young men appeared embarrassed, and Louise, confused, held down her head.

"Indeed, the doctor has given my niece a difficult task," cried Madame Charlotte.

"Not so difficult as you think, my sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have known about Harvey's will for a long time, and have, in consequence, made inquiries. All that I have learned has proved to me that whatever may be Louise's choice she has nothing to fear."

"Then let mademoiselle decide," replied the notary, laughing. "Since there is a surety, it is no longer a matter of inspiration."

"I will refer the matter to my aunt," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into the arms of Madame Charlotte.

"To me!" replied her aunt. "But that is very embarrassing, my dear, and I know not in truth—"

While pronouncing these words with an uncertain air, she glanced at Mulyen, and Henry perceived it.

"Ah, your choice is made, madame," said he, quickly; "and although it costs me some regrets, I approve of it. Mademoiselle," added he, taking Joseph by the hand and leading him to the young girl, "your aunt has seen well and judged well. My cousin is more worthy than I am."

"You are proving the contrary," said Madame Revel, with emotion. "But we are already somewhat acquainted with M. Mulyen; and then—Hold! you deserve to be told the truth."

"Tell it," interrupted Henry.

"Well, his device removes my fears, while yours makes me afraid; his promises indulgence, and yours justice. Alas, sir, justice may suffice for the angels, but for men it is necessary to have charity."

"Perhaps you are right, madame," said Henry, thoughtfully. "Since yesterday, circumstances seem to have succeeded each other with the design of giving me a lesson. The rigorous defense of my rights has always turned against me, while the charity of my cousin has turned to his advantage. Yes, Joseph's motto is worth more than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, 'To each one his right,' but 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

S. M. PRESTON.

IN THE MEANTIME.

SUCCESS in many lives depends upon the use that is made of intervals of time that seem to have no definite duty assigned them. John or Jennie are out of employment. They have made applications for certain positions, and have received a fair degree of encouragement that work will be given them. Now they sit down to wait. It is useless to make further application while these prospects are held out, even if they knew where to apply. Meantime they are using up what resources they have, or are outstaying their welcome with friends, or "killing time" at home. They have such and such expectations, they say. In the meantime, they are "lying around loose."

Harry and Hettie are in precisely similar situations. Instead of relaxing effort, however, they are, in the meantime, looking into the principles of the work they have in prospect. It may be familiar to them, but everything worth doing is progressive, and they are comparing new methods, and watching experienced and successful workers in kindred lines of work. If to do this is impracticable, they are exercising themselves in some other department of service to society. For all true work is loyal service to the public good. Until a person has an assured income for life, it is never safe, except when health demands rest, to relax effort. Rest itself is oftener found in a change of work than in "lying around loose."

When the news comes to John and Jennie and to Harry and Hettie that their services will not be required in the positions they have been hoping to occupy, that retrenchment for the coming year is the necessary policy, and that old and valued employees are being dismissed instead of new ones engaged, part of the quartette are, for the time being, stranded ships. Resources exhausted, welcome outstayed, idle, discontented, they gradually drop into moodiness, distrust and self-pity, with an exaggerated idea

of their own importance and deserts. Harry and Hettie, on the contrary, are in the current of action and ideas. With sail spread, it is not difficult to make for some port, if not as fair as the one intended. Harry expected the position of bookkeeper. He has given an occasional hour or day to helping an expert who is overcrowded with work, and odd days he has been working in a benevolent way at a valuable but uncatalogued, unclassified library that is going to ruin. He has discovered that the work of a librarian is a regular profession, that it has its technicalities and interesting points of debate, its conventions and periodicals. He enters on the work in the best way, and compares views with workers. The library will have been started on a thoroughly good plan when his vacation closes. He gets one day the same message that John and Jennie received: "Retrenchment; not wanted." Delafield Scott, librarian, with whom he has consulted, hears of his disappointment, and says to the new directors of the Mercantile: "I know just the young man to fill your vacancy." John is interviewed and appointed. Or the expert whom he has been occasionally helping asks him temporarily to supply his place in an enforced absence. The salary may not be as brilliant. It may be better. Anything that is useful is better than dependency and idleness.

Hettie expected a position as teacher in a normal school. She felt sure of it. Had not the Hon. Reeve Hastings told her a vacancy was about to occur, and that he would use his influence to secure it for her with the greatest pleasure? "Meantime," while reviewing text-books, and reading educational magazines, and helping Annie Ray with her problems, Hettie uses her spare hours in vigorous piano practice, consulting Professor Ely on selection of exercises, and taking an occasional lesson, giving, meantime, all the social pleasure she can with her music. Hettie gets the news that the Hon. Reeve Hastings finds that another candidate had precedence, and he regrets that the faculty will not be able to avail themselves of her services for the coming year. Hettie tells the glee club she is not going away after all, and will practice with them for the sociables, when Mrs. Giles Bradshaw says: "If indeed you are to remain here, will you do us the favor to give my daughters music-lessons? Ever since you helped them with that duet, they have wished you could be their teacher." "All the girls" always do as Mrs. Bradshaw's daughters do, and soon Hettie has a flourishing music-class.

It is always the busy ones that are sought to do work. It is always the busy ones that people have confidence in. It is difficult sometimes to feel energy for work when the responsibilities and the uncertainties of life press hard on every side. Work, useful work, is like a rope thrown to the drowning in such cases. Work without pay is better than no work. Don't let go of the rope. You have large hope. You believe your turn will come sometime. So do we, provided you take care of the "meantime!"

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER IX.

ON the next morning my father drove into Oakland, and did not return until late in the afternoon. It was an unusual thing for him to remain in town so long, and we were feeling a little concerned about him as the sun went down and the twilight began to deepen.

"I wonder what has kept your father so late," my mother was saying, when, just where the road wound into view, we saw his carriage appear. He was driving slowly; something unusual for him when returning homeward. I stood in the porch with my mother, waiting his arrival. A pressure of suspense had come down upon me. I felt myself in the shadow of an approaching evil. We stood in silence, not looking at each other, until my father turned into the gate and drove up to the door. His face was pale and troubled.

"O David!" exclaimed my mother, "what has happened? Are you sick?" And she ran down from the porch to meet him as he stepped from the carriage.

"No, I'm not sick," he replied, "but something strange has happened, and all Oakland is excited."

My thought went instantly to the schoolmaster, and my heart stood still.

"Is it anything about Mr. Fordyce?" I ventured to ask, the words almost choking me as I tried to utter them in a steady voice.

My father gave me a quick, and I thought, half-surprised glance, and then said: "Yes. It's about Mr. Fordyce. Nobody has seen him since yesterday. He was in his room last night, but went out soon after nine o'clock, and did not return again. Of course there's been no school. The children waited for him until nearly eleven o'clock this morning, and then went home. All kinds of rumors are floating about; some of them, I am sorry to say, of a very unpleasant character."

"If they charge anything wrong upon Mr. Fordyce, they are false!" I exclaimed.

"What is said against him?" asked my mother, her quiet voice in clear contrast with the indignation which had thrilled in mine.

"He was mixed up," it is alleged, "with some very discreditable matter before he came here to hide himself," replied my father. "Mr. Catherwood is said to know all about it, and to have quietly given him warning that he must disappear or be exposed."

"Did you see Mr. Catherwood, and ask him if this were so?" inquired my mother.

"Yes. I went to him as soon as I heard the allegation."

"What did he say?"

"He was reserved and mysterious; but said that he knew Mr. Fordyce, and all about him; and that he was one of the most consummate hypocrites that

ever lived. I pressed him to make some distinct charge; but he answered: 'No; I don't care to injure him; only he must keep out of my way.'"

"Did Mr. Fordyce leave no communication with any one?"

"Not as far I have been able to learn. He seems to have dropped out of Oakland and left no sign. It's a very strange affair."

I was dumb with surprise and pain—hurt to the very centre of my life. A great darkness seemed to gather about me and shut me in.

"The last man in all the world against whom I would have suspected anything of doubtful honor to lie," said my father, a tone of bitter disappointment in his voice.

"I am sure," answered my mother, "that, if all the truth were known, it would be found that no dishonor lies against him."

"Why, then, does he not stand and face the truth? Innocence is not afraid."

"We must not take too much for granted. Scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed. He may return at any moment, and give a reason for his absence," replied my mother.

But my father, shaking his head in a gloomy way, only answered: "And I had thought him so brave and true! The soul of honor! Without fear and without reproach!"

"It is only the shadow of some dark mystery which has fallen upon him," replied my mother. "A shadow and not a stain. There will be enough ready to believe any evil report against him; to think the worst; let us not be of that number."

"If a thousand Mr. Catherwoods were to speak against Mr. Fordyce, I would not believe them!" I cried out, with an indignation which I could not repress.

"Why does he not stay and defend himself? Is it guilt or innocence that flees from the accuser?" demanded my father, almost sternly.

"In the absence of testimony it is impossible for us to judge this case. We have seen a great deal of Mr. Fordyce, and have had large opportunity for observing him. There is, as you know, with bad men, a sphere of their evil life which can be felt. It is around them as the odor of a vile plant, and gives to the finer spiritual senses of those who come into near relationship with them, a perception of their quality. And the sphere of a good and true man is just as palpable. If Mr. Fordyce were the bad man and consummate hypocrite Mr. Catherwood alleges, could he have given forth the sphere of truth, and innocence, and purity, which was ever about him as the odor of a lily or a rose? No, my husband! The true character and quality of a man's life must and will reveal itself through all external disguises. If we are ever deceived, the fault is in ourselves. You have met Mr. Catherwood several times. Did his sphere attract or repel you? Had you the impression of a fair and honorable man? Would you feel safe if in his power? Would you trust him as you would have trusted Mr. Fordyce?"

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My father did not reply; but his countenance remained gloomy and depressed.

Mr. Radcliff and Herbert came in during the evening. Little was talked about except the strange disappearance of Mr. Fordyce, and the new manufactory about to be started in Oakland. In regard to the schoolmaster, all was doubt, mystery and conjecture. Beyond the manifestation of an ill-will that took on an almost malignant character, and the general charge of bad and disgraceful conduct in former years, Mr. Catherwood had not gone. All efforts to get special allegations against Mr. Fordyce had been met by evasive answers, or the declaration that he did not care to ruin the young man utterly, now that he had been wise enough to take himself out of his way.

I listened to all that was said about Mr. Fordyce with a heavy heart. Not that I doubted him; but because there was no way in which I could defend him. So far, I had mentioned to no one the startled surprise and mutual signs of recognition which had appeared on the occasion of his meeting with Mr. Catherwood on the hill, nor had I spoken about my last impulsive interview with him in the school-house. I had no doubt as to the writer of the note which the boy had brought to Mr. Fordyce from the hotel; for I knew that Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood were staying there. But what could it mean?

From the schoolmaster the conversation was turned by Mr. Radcliff to the chief purpose of his call, which was to inform my father of a most generous act on the part of Mr. Catherwood, who, on behalf of the new corporation, had paid Mrs. and Miss Bledsoe the sum of two thousand dollars in addition to the purchase-money at first agreed upon.

I saw my father's face light up with pleasure. But the face of my mother did not change.

"Mr. Catherwood is one of the most liberal-minded men it has been my good fortune to meet," said Mr. Radcliff, on closing his communication. "One rarely meets with anything so considerate and generous as this."

"Was it really a generous, or only a prudential act?" boldly inquired my mother.

"I am not sure that I understand you," returned Mr. Radcliff.

"An effort to substitute a solid stone for a crumbling one in the foundation of his new enterprise?—or a bit of abstract justice?"

My father gave her a quick, penetrating look, his eyes softening as they rested upon her gravely, questioning face.

The query disconcerted Mr. Radcliff. It had gone to the core of the matter, and he knew it; and my father knew it also, when his eyes turned from the face of my mother to read a betrayal of his hidden thought in that of his neighbor.

"It is well," added my mother; "and I am rejoiced for the sake of the widow and her daughter. As for the generous heart lying behind the transaction, that is something not yet proven. An act may be good to the one acted upon, but evil to the actor."

"I do not get your meaning," said Mr. Radcliff.

"Let us suppose a case," was returned. "The one before us will do quite as well as another. We will suppose that Mr. Catherwood and his agent, Mr. Payne, go deliberately to work to get poor Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter into their power, in order to force them to sell their little homestead for a sum far below what they know it to be really worth, and that they succeed in effecting their purpose. You will hardly call the act a good one; and if not good, it must be evil, for the intent is evil, and it is the intent that makes the act good or evil so far as the actor is concerned."

My mother was speaking very quietly and impressively. It was not often that she led in the discussion of a moral question when my father was present—usually deferring to him. He was regarding her intently, and with an uplifting of his brows, and a look of surprise that was softening into pleasure.

"And we will suppose," she continued, "that on the facts becoming known, Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne discover that public feeling is outraged, and that men whom they had counted upon, and whom they had hoped to make active and efficient partners in their schemes and enterprises, begin to doubt and be afraid of them. And we will further suppose, that in order to create a new and better sentiment, and to re-establish the confidence which had been weakened or lost, they make a show of generosity, and hand over to the widow and orphan whom they had deliberately robbed, a thousand or two dollars. Would the act be a good one so far as they were concerned? A noble and generous act; or one double-dyed with a meaner selfishness that made a pretense of virtue in order to gain better opportunity to compass its own ends?"

Mr. Radcliff was about replying, but my mother said: "A word or two more. We may take it for granted, that when men voluntarily relinquish a part of the gain which has been deliberately extorted from the weak and helpless, it must be in order to get some greater advantage, or a larger power to extort in some other direction. The wolf does not withdraw from its victim unless through fear, or for the sake of more desirable prey."

"You are unjust, Mrs. Lovel. I am sorry to have to say it against you, but you are unjust toward Mr. Catherwood," replied our neighbor, trying to rally from the state of mental confusion into which my mother's unexpected demonstration had thrown him. But she had so disconcerted Mr. Radcliff that he could not regain his assured manner.

"Time will show," was the clear response. "I have made up my judgment against him on the record as it stands to-day. He may lift out one or two of the crumbling stones already laid in the foundations of this great money-making scheme, but so long as he and Andrew Payne control in any large degree the selection of the stones which are to take their places, no man can count his fortune safe who builds it into the edifice which may be erected

thereon. The winds blow and the rains descend upon every man's house. But only those stand immovable that rest on the solid foundation of justice. I am sorry, Mr. Radcliff, that you have become in any pecuniary way involved with these men. Believe me, it is not a safe copartnership."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Radcliff, speaking with more decision of manner, "it is, I am well satisfied, one of the safest and surest of copartnerships to be found. Mr. Catherwood is a shrewd, far-seeing, clear-headed man, and knows how to command success; and I am very glad of an opportunity to get my fortunes linked with his, and on the easy terms in which I have been able to secure the advantage. A few acres of land, out of which I was making scarcely anything, in exchange for shares in the new corporation, which will be worth in a few years twice the value of my whole farm, is a transaction of a kind one rarely gets the opportunity to make more than once in his life. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. I see the rising tide, and shall take it. And if you will follow my advice, Mr. Lovel," now addressing my father, "you will be wise in this world's affairs, and take it also. That bit of stony land which lies along the river is of no use to you whatever. Turn it into shares, and it will give you gold for sterile rocks."

"If," said my mother, speaking before my father had time to reply, "that bit of stony land has any value in it for the new corporation, it has quite as much for us."

She had detected something covert in our neighbor's speech and manner as he uttered the last brief sentences; and the same impression had come to me.

"What possible value can lie in these acres of waste land?" asked Mr. Radcliff, betraying more of a personal interest in the matter than he knew.

"Stones are solid and substantial things!" was the firmly-spoken answer. "Good to build upon and to build with."

There was a meaning in her words that flashed upon me—a meaning not yet clear in her own mind, though struggling toward the light. It was clear enough to us all when I said, with the eagerness of one who enunciates a new and important discovery: "Mother is right! Stones are substantial things; and a quarry may be worth as much as a gold mine."

I had turned toward Mr. Radcliff. The instant change in his countenance betrayed the truth to us all. Back of his apparent interest in our welfare lay, it was now clear, some hidden purpose which he had been trying to achieve.

"True, Davy!" said my father, as he gave me an approving look. "We will keep our sterile acres. If that bit of stony land, as mother says, has in it any value for the new corporation, it has quite as much for us."

"You must decide for yourselves, of course. I have no interest in it one way or another."

But for all this, there remained an unpleasant im-

pression that our neighbor had been trying to lead my father into a transaction that would have been largely adverse to his real welfare.

"We will not part with this land, nor have anything to do with Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne in their schemes and enterprises," returned my father, speaking with decision. "There is not, I am afraid, the solid stones of absolute justice, man with man, in the foundations on which they propose to build; and he is unwise who builds on any other."

CHAPTER X.

MY heart grew sick with waiting as the days and weeks went by and nothing was heard of Mr. Fordyce. I had clung to the belief that, to me, if to no one else, he would send some word or sign. But months succeeded to weeks, and the silence remained unbroken and the mystery unsolved. Beyond the first vague utterances of Mr. Catherwood, that gentleman had been silent in regard to the schoolmaster, evading all questions, and showing so much annoyance when the name of Mr. Fordyce was introduced, that people soon came to understand that, so far as he was concerned, it must be regarded as a forbidden subject.

Within a week after my father's positive refusal to exchange land for stock in the mill corporation, at least three attempts were made to induce him to sell for cash, the price rising with each new offer, until it reached two hundred dollars an acre. But these efforts to secure the property only led us to look more carefully into the reasons why it was considered so desirable, and the truth at last came out, that, in considering the question of building-material, the representatives of the new corporation had discovered that the nearest and most easily accessible deposit of good stone was upon our land. That, in fact, if they built of stone, which was by far the cheapest material within their reach, it must come from quarries to be opened there.

After my father had refused all bids for his land, he had next to consider the offers that were made by Mr. Payne and others to supply capital and enter into a copartnership with him for opening and working the quarries. But, after due consideration, it was decided to lease, the lessees to pay a fixed rate of tariff for every perch of stone taken out; and a contract to this effect was finally made with reliable parties.

A few months later, and obscure little Oakland had become a town of considerable note as a new industrial centre. The name of John Catherwood as president of Oakland Mills Company, was considered the guarantee of assured success with all who were familiar with the rapid growth and financial prosperity of the various enterprises in which he had a leading control; and capital came flowing in for investment. Already a new hotel, with handsome accommodations, was in the course of erection, and tradespeople were beginning to enlarge their borders to meet the coming tide of prosperity. The founda-

tions of the new factories had been laid, and the walls were going up under the steadily creating force of more than a hundred workmen. From Striker's Bend to the quarries on our farm, an iron track had been placed for the easy transportation of stone; and the puff and scream of a little draught engine made strange discord in that hitherto quiet region.

As often as twice a week, Mr. Catherwood came up from B—— and spent one or two days in Oakland. Sometimes he came alone, and sometimes Mrs. Catherwood accompanied him. They had rooms permanently engaged at the "Oakland House," the only respectable hotel in the village. It sometimes happened that Mrs. Catherwood, instead of going back with her husband, remained in Oakland for a week or two. She was reserved, and almost shy in her manner; but there was something about her that won all hearts. After meeting her at Mr. Radcliff's, my mother and sisters called upon her, and she had driven out and returned the call. She must have felt the sincerity and heart-warmth that pervaded our home, and the sphere of love that was about my mother like the odor of some sweet flower, for she came again before her call was returned. After that she would stop occasionally in riding out into the country and make a brief visit.

"She has something on her mind," said my mother, in referring to one of these visits. "You can see it in her eyes. Something that lies like a dead weight, and which, I am afraid, none but God can help her to bear."

Had I spoken of what came under my observation when Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Fordyce met, and of the letter which the schoolmaster had received on the evening before his disappearance, my mother's guesses might have gone very near the truth. But a feeling that my knowledge of these incidents must be held as a sacred trust, kept me silent. Mr. Fordyce had given me no warrant to speak, and I held myself true to the silence which I felt that he would desire me to maintain.

As I have already said, Mrs. Catherwood was a person of rare and striking beauty; not a bold and sensuous beauty, but exquisite as a type of pure, refined and lovely womanhood. There was a kind of fascination in her large, dark blue eyes, the spell of which haunted you strangely. At least they so haunted me. Sometimes, when I looked into them, they seemed to hold me with an appeal for help; sometimes they searched my face as for some desired intelligence; and sometimes I had read in them a tender longing for sympathy.

One day—it was late in the autumn—as I was coming home from town, I saw a carriage, which I knew to be that of Mrs. Catherwood, standing at the top of the hill, just at the point where the meeting with Mr. Fordyce, as heretofore mentioned, had taken place. On reaching the spot, I found the carriage empty, and the driver in a state of considerable anxiety about his mistress, who, he said, had told him to wait there while she went to obtain a more extended view of the scenery from a point

beyond a near belt of woods. She had been gone for over half an hour, he said, and he was afraid that something had happened to her. Hastily tying up my horse, I started in the direction which Mrs. Catherwood had taken. On passing through the woods, I saw her seated on a log, at a point where one of the most extended views of our picturesque valley was to be obtained; but, from her attitude, it was plain that her eyes were not upon the beautiful landscape. I was within a few feet of her before she became aware of my approach. She did not start, but turned her head slowly, as one half waking out of sleep; but the moment she saw me her manner changed, and her face lighted up with interest. She did not rise, but motioned me to take a seat by her side.

"I've been wanting to have you all by myself for a little while, Davy," she said, "and have been trying to make the opportunity. But it has made itself. Sit right down here."

The deep quiet of her manner was passing off, and I could perceive in her voice a low thrill of feeling. Some moments elapsed before she spoke again. She had turned a little away from me, as if to collect her thoughts.

"Can I trust you, Davy?" There was an appeal for confidence in her voice, and a still stronger one in her eyes, as they looked into mine. "Not," she added quickly, "that I would lay upon you the burden of a secret. But there is something I wish to say to you, which, if I say it, must not be spoken of again. Evil instead of good might come of it."

The color had gone out of her face, and I saw the round, full lips shrink back into lines of suffering.

"You can trust me," I said.

"I know it, Davy." And she laid a hand upon one of mine, pressing it down hard. The touch was cold.

"It is of Mr. Fordyce that I wish to speak." She was very calm.

"O ma'am! what about him? Do you know where he is?" I turned upon her eagerly, and with an excitement which I was unable to hold down.

"You have known him for a long time, Davy," she said, not answering my questions.

"Yes, ma'am, for a long, long time."

"And you liked him?"

"O ma'am, I loved him! He's one of the truest and best men that ever lived." I spoke with strong enthusiasm.

"Yes, Davy, he is all that," she answered, keeping her voice steady; but I knew by its lower pitch that it was costing her no little effort. "You cannot think too well of Mr. Fordyce, nor believe in him too completely. He is one of the purest, truest and noblest of men."

"Then why, Mrs. Catherwood, has he disappeared so strangely? Innocence should not be afraid."

"No, not for itself," she answered, huskily, turning her face from me as she spoke.

In the pause, I heard her say in a low voice that had a far-away sound: "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*"

"No, not for itself." She had turned to me again, and I saw the light come flashing into her eyes. "And Mr. Fordyce is not afraid for himself, but for another, for whom, if need be, he would lay down his life! That is all that I wish to say now, Davy."

She arose as she uttered the last sentence.

"I know that you loved him," she added, as we walked away, speaking now quite calmly; "and I want you to love him still. Believe me, that he is worthy of all confidence. Defend him, when evil is said against him, as best you can. Set the true and nobly unselfish life which he has led in Oakland against all vague accusations and evil guesses. Could a corrupt tree bring forth the good fruit which he has borne among this people? Except from men whose characters, as I see them, look smirched and black beside the unstained whiteness of his, or from those who had rather suppose evil than good of another, I hear no word against him."

"Mr. Payne has never liked him," I said.

"How could such a man like Allan Fordyce?" she returned. "Can a devil like an angel?"

"I would not call him a devil," I replied. "He may be a very selfish man, and even cruel and oppressive to those who happen to stand in the way of his designs; but I would not like to say that he was a devil."

"Are angels selfish, and cruel, and oppressive to those who happen to stand in their way?" She had stopped, and turned to look into my face.

"No," I answered.

"Who are, then?"

"Devils!" after a pause, replying to her own question. "Devils!" she repeated, her voice passionate, and her eyes fixed and stern. "Was Allan Fordyce selfish, or cruel, or oppressive? No; for there was no room for these devilish qualities in his heart—his true and tender heart! And it is what a man lives in his heart that makes him a devil or an angel. It matters nothing in which world he is living consciously—the outer or the inner world—he is demon or angel, according to the quality of his life."

Mrs. Catherwood moved forward again. Neither of us spoke until we came near the spot where her carriage was standing.

"All this is between you and me, Davy," she then said. "You'll not forget that. We will be friends, as you and Mr. Fordyce were friends. I want a friend who will be as loyal to honor and as true as, as—"

Her voice broke, and she held back the name which I knew was forming upon her lips.

"You may trust me as you would have trusted—"

But I recovered my clearer thought in time to leave the name unspoken. What right had I to put their names together in the sense my answer was indicating. If in an unguarded moment she had half-betrayed a secret, I would not, in honor, hold her to any further revelation. She understood me. I saw it in the look of tender confidence with which she regarded me for a moment. As we came into the road, a little way from the carriage, Mrs. Cather-

wood stopped. Taking my hand, she said with a meaning in her voice that set my heart to quicker pulses: "You have lost a friend at the very time when you most needed him, Davy. Let me take his place. Talk to me as freely as you have talked to him, and trust me as completely as you have trusted him. I may not be so clear of sight, nor so wise in counsel, but I will do my best for you. And now, good-bye!"

On reaching home, I found Olive there on a visit to my sisters. Donald Payne was to call for her in the evening. Our meetings had not of late been frequent, and it was now several weeks since I had seen her. Her wedding-day, which had been fixed, was only a month distant. The moment I came in sight of the house, I recognized her well-known form. She was on the porch with my sister Rachel, and they were standing with their arms drawn around each other, and their faces toward the sun-set, the richer glories of which had already faded. They turned as I drew near enough for the sound of my horse's feet to reach them, and, leaving the porch, came forward to meet me. It was, as I have said, several weeks since I had seen Olive. At our last meeting, which was at a neighbor's house, where I had called with one of my sisters, she had shown more than her usual vivacity—leading in the conversation, laughing and jesting, and looking the very embodiment of light-hearted and happy girlhood. But I was not deceived. I saw that she was only acting. And when, after an unusually long period of waiting, my sister, who had gone up-stairs with Olive and two other visitors of the evening to get their wraps preparatory to returning home, came down, and, with a sober face, said: "Olive isn't going for half an hour yet, and we'll not wait for her."

I knew that something was wrong. We were half-way home before a word was said. I was waiting for Fanny to speak of Olive, and did not care to introduce any other subject lest the way back to the one uppermost in my thoughts might be so obstructed that I could not open it without betraying the paramount interest that I wished to conceal. At last suspense became too much for me, and I said: "What kept you so long, Fanny, after you went up-stairs? I thought you were never coming down."

It was several moments before she replied, and then not until I had questioned further, as to whether anything unusual had occurred.

"Olive acted a little strangely," she said.

"In what way?" I inquired, trying to hide the interest I felt.

"You noticed how gay she was?"

"Excited were a better word," I returned.

"Excited, then. I haven't seen anything in her like that for a long time. She's been growing quieter and more thoughtful of late. Well, after we got up-stairs, her spirits kept rising, until she acted almost like a crazy girl. But, all at once she broke down and began sobbing, crying and laughing by turns, going off into something like hysteria. It took us a long time to get her nerves quieted."

"She was over it when you left her?" I kept my voice as steady as possible.

"Nearly so."

Other questions were rising to my lips, but I held them back. Neither of us spoke again until we had nearly reached home. Then Fanny said something entirely remote from the subject which had been occupying our thoughts, and Olive was not referred to again.

Not since that evening until now had I seen Olive; and as she came forward to meet me, with her arm about Rachel, I saw in her face what I had not seen there before. It was as if a veil had fallen over it, which, while not hiding a single line of its beauty, had softened and shaded it, and subdued every expression into lower tones. There was a change, too, in her movements, which had lost their bird-like spring and lightness. A change, as if years instead of a few short weeks had been added to her life. She gave me her hand in what, to an indifferent observer, would have seemed a natural and easy way, and said "Davy," in the old, sweet, sisterly tone. But I saw in her eyes, as they rested in and were held to mine for an instant, and then seemed to be wrenched away, a look that could not be mistaken. Was it love? No. An appeal for help? No. There was nothing in it to kindle in my heart the faintest hope that any thought of me would hold her back from the sacrifice to which she was going. The sacrifice! Yes; and it was the dread and terror of that which I saw in her eyes. I had seen it before, and could not be mistaken; seen it in the pictured eyes of a Christian martyr as an uncaged lion was about to make his deadly spring upon her.

It was as much as I could do to be civil to Donald when he called for Olive that evening. He came in with a free, almost jaunty air, and with an affectation of vulgar self-importance that excited my contempt. The familiar, half-brusque way in which he addressed my father and mother stirred my heart with angry throbs. But indignation rose to fever-heat when, soon after he came, I saw the tears spring into Olive's eyes, and the color mount to her temples, in response to an impatient word of contradiction which he had thrown at her like a blow. There was nothing of tenderness or gentle consideration in his manner of treating her. Now it was banter or depreciation; and now a pretense of criticism and fault-finding which had in it more of earnestness than simulation. She bore this for some time, lightly parrying his assaults, until he said something that made her angry, when I saw a sudden gleam in her beautiful eyes, as she turned and fixed them steadily and with a warning look upon him; a look which he was too stupid or too indifferent to heed. Instead of prudently dropping the unpleasant controversy which he had provoked, and which was out of place and distasteful to us all, Donald repeated the offensive words. They had scarcely passed his lips before Olive retorted in a single brief sentence, which had in it the glitter and swift flash of a sword-thrust. I saw a look of angry defiance in her beautiful

face, which, because it was directed toward Donald Payne, gave her, in my eyes, a new and higher expression of beauty. How I admired her spirit, and with what a keen sense of enjoyment did I take note of the coward-look of discomfiture which told that she had struck him home—that her fine-tempered weapon had penetrated the coarse armor in which his mean soul had encased itself.

But the evening's pleasure was gone. Donald became silent and sullen. He was nursing his wrath against Olive, as all of us felt. As for Olive, she kept her spirits for a little while, with an indifference toward Donald which I tried to think real. But slowly the color went dying out of her face, and her sensitive features lost their mobile play. Her voice fell from its ringing lightness of tone to a dull level. All was forced and constrained after that, and at an early hour they went away.

CHAPTER XI.

HER lips did not part. Could marble speak? If her head bowed in assent, the movement was so slight that few if any took note of it. Pale as alabaster, and with her white veil falling in a misty cloud around her delicate figure, she stood like a beautiful statue. And so she was given away, and formally accepted; and the twain, it was authoritatively declared by the minister, were man and wife!

It all passed in a few moments. Now, it was before my natural sight like some vivid picture thrown by a powerful lens on a clear background; and now it had transferred itself to one of the sensitive pages of memory, and become fixed there imperishably. If my heart had held to even the faintest hope that Olive might yet be mine, it was dead now. When I saw Donald's lips touch her lips, I felt that he had robbed them of all their sweetness for me, as he had stolen that of my apple years before on the play-ground in front of the school-house, when his teeth crushed in its ruddy side. After his lips had been there, come what might, mine could never touch them! Never! Never!

"Davy!" It was the voice of Mrs. Catherwood. The ceremony was over, and friends were gathering about the bride, and offering their congratulations; but I had not moved from where I stood, nor thought of moving. It had not come to me yet that I belonged to the company assembled there, or had any part in what was going on. Mrs. Catherwood laid her hand upon me as she uttered my name. There was the suggestion of a reproof in her quiet voice.

"You will congratulate the bride."

"For what?" I asked, as the meaning of all that had transpired grew suddenly distinct again.

"Davy! This is not well. Come! We will go together."

"And take a lie upon my lips!" I spoke in an undertone, that none but she might hear. "Congratulate a dove on being struck by a falcon! No, Mrs. Catherwood, I cannot do it! My tongue would

cleave to the roof of my mouth if I were to attempt such a thing. Forgive me; but what you ask is an impossibility."

I was growing visibly excited.

"Davy." She had, almost from the beginning, called me by my familiar home-name, and the quality of tone with which she always uttered it, drew me irresistibly toward her, and gave her a singular power over me. "Davy," she answered, speaking in a grave but gentle voice, "I want you to go with me after all is over. You and I must have a long talk together. Mr. Catherwood returns to B—— in the one o'clock train, and I shall be alone."

My mother joined us at this moment, and Mrs. Catherwood said to her: "Davy is going over to Oakland with me. I've invited him."

My mother gave me a quick, searching glance, which I did not quite understand. Then the two women looked at each other for a few moments, steadily.

"You're not afraid to trust him with me?"

If there had been a doubt in the mind of my mother, the voice, expression and manner of Mrs. Catherwood must have dispelled it wholly.

"No," she said, in a satisfied way, the genuineness of which could not be mistaken.

Andrew Payne drove Mr. Catherwood back to town, and over to the Oakland station, while I went with Mrs. Catherwood. We did not talk much by the way, and neither of us made any allusion to the wedding. A feeling of constraint had come to both of us. It had clouded over since morning, and the sky was dark and threatening. Before we reached Oakland rain had commenced falling.

As Mrs. Catherwood closed the door of her private parlor at the hotel, shutting us in together and the world out, there came through her lips an audible sigh of relief, as if a strain upon her feelings had been suddenly relaxed. There fell upon me also a sense of quiet and relief; of rest after fatigue; of ease after a long struggle with pain; of seclusion after contact with an unsympathizing crowd. How peaceful it was!

Mrs. Catherwood left me alone for nearly ten minutes. The storm had increased, and the wind was beginning to drive the rain in strong dashes against the windows which looked eastward; the contrast without deepening the sense of peace within. When Mrs. Catherwood re-appeared, and I looked into her face, I noticed that every particle of color had gone, and that there were traces of tears in her eyes. But a faint smile was on her lips, and it grew as she came toward me, until it lighted her whole countenance.

"You have been alone longer than I intended," she said, as she pushed a chair close to the sofa on which I was seated. But she did not offer any excuse for her delay in returning to the parlor.

"It has not seemed long," I replied.

"Time passes swiftly when thought is busy; and yours can hardly have been idle. I am sorry for this storm. It does not augur well."

"No storm can make the augury darker than it is," I answered.

"Perhaps not," she returned, speaking with a slight abstraction of manner. Then, after a pause, "Poor child! It was a sad mistake."

"How could she have made such a mistake?" I said. "It is here that the mystery lies. Did he cast a spell upon her? Or, is there, hidden as yet from common sight, an inner quality that draws them toward each other, as like draws like? But no, no!" I exclaimed, as my feelings revolted against the suggestion. "That is impossible! I have known Olive too long and too well. I cannot understand it, Mrs. Catherwood."

The smile which had grown beyond her lips, until it spread a soft light over her colorless face, was visible no longer.

"It is something hard to understand, Davy," she replied. There was a choking huskiness in her voice, and a strong inward drawing of her lips; and I noticed an apparent involuntary lifting of her hands and their pressure against her bosom. "But," she went on, "whether we can understand it or not, the fact exists and is irrevocable. Olive is now the wife of Donald Payne, and"—pausing for a moment and looking at me steadily—"she must be so regarded by you."

I did not reply until I had arisen, crossed the floor of the room, returned and seated myself on the sofa, facing Mrs. Catherwood; this to gain the self-mastery which I felt that I was losing. Then I said: "Once, when a boy at school, Donald Payne snatched away from me a large and juicy apple, and bit a portion from its ruddy side. I punished him for the act, and then threw the apple away. The mark of his teeth had been left upon it, and all its beauty and sweetness were gone. When I saw his lips pressed to the lips of Olive this morning, I felt that he had defiled their purity also, and that, come what might, so far as I was concerned the defilement of his touch must ever remain upon them."

A sudden, low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Catherwood, as she covered her face, and bent forward until it was hidden upon the arm of the sofa. There followed a stillness like that of death. When she lifted her head, with a slow, weary kind of movement, like one coming out of sleep, but unrefreshed, I was almost startled by the change which I saw. Her face had the pinched look of one after the torture of excessive pain; its color was ashen. The meaning of all that was in her eyes did not come to me for many years afterward; though I read something of its significance then.

She gave no reason for her singular agitation; nor did she refer to it in any way. But from that moment I felt the bond of an interior friendship and confidence. A new relation had been established; and there was to be mutual help and service. There came an influx of manly strength. I felt myself rising out of the impassive and aimless state in which I had dwelt so long, and ascending to a higher level of thought and purpose. This beautiful woman, who

had been dwelling, as it seemed to me, in a region of life so far above mine as to be almost unapproachable, stood now, in human weakness and suffering, by my side; and her cry, which was still sounding in my ears, I heard as an appeal for the pity and sympathy which one tried soul may give to another.

"Do you think, Davy," Mrs. Catherwood said, "that Olive's heart responded with a single throb of pleasure to that kiss? That if it left a touch of defilement on her lips it was not even skin-deep, and might be brushed away, leaving them as pure as before?"

I felt the appeal and remonstrance in her voice and eyes.

"If there was any feeling of pleasure, it did not make a visible sign," I returned, with a bitterness which I could not repress. "As for the defilement, nothing, so far as I am concerned, can ever brush it away. Lips and apple are alike to me—beautiful in memory, but with all their sweetness and desirableness forever gone."

"Are men so hard and unforgiving?" she answered, huskily. "Can love so quickly turn to coldness—and—and—disgust? Olive is very sweet and lovely—as sweet and lovely to-day as yesterday. I cannot bear to have you cast her from your thoughts as something vile. That is not well. Let the pity and tenderness which would serve, and help, and bless, take the place of love. She will need all, and more than all, that you will ever be able to do for her; I am a woman, Davy, and know!"

She drew in her breath strongly as she uttered the last sentence.

How steadily did I feel myself rising in manly strength, seeming, as to my inward stature, to have had the growth of years in the space of minutes.

"As Donald Payne's wife," I said, "her life must flow in a current far away from mine. We shall meet but seldom. But of this you may rest sure, Mrs. Catherwood, no service in my power to render her will ever be withheld. Should the time come when she needs a friend, there will be one nearer and truer than she thinks."

"That time will come, Davy; and when it does come, I pray that you may have the strength of character, and the loyalty to truth and honor, which you will need to stand the trial it must bring!"

Her tones were solemn and impressive; so much so, that I wondered at the feeling which she manifested. My thought did not reach to the full significance of what she had been saying.

"Only they who are loyal to truth and honor walk safely in the world, Davy," she added, after a pause. "Whoever falls, in anything, away from these, comes into danger. Do what the truth tells you is right, and refrain from doing what you see in its clear illustration to be wrong, and nothing can do you any real hurt."

"Has Mr. Fordyce been disloyal to truth and honor, that he is hurt so badly?" I asked, turning quickly upon her.

It was, for an instant, as if a white veil had been thrown over her face, and then as quickly drawn away.

"If there had been no disloyalty to truth and honor," Mrs. Catherwood replied, "it would have been different with Mr. Fordyce from what it is to-day."

"Then you charge dishonor upon him?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"No, Davy!" light breaking into her face. "He is true and noble. Whatever of dishonor there may have been, it does not lie at his door."

"And yet has he not been hurt most grievously? His honor and his rectitude have not saved him."

"Davy," Mrs. Catherwood laid one of her hands upon me as she spoke, "which is really hurt in the battle, the brave and loyal soldier who, though wounded and bleeding, stands face to face with the foe, even to the end of the conflict, or the coward who deserts the field? or the traitor who goes over to the enemy?"

I was beginning to understand her.

"His honor and his rectitude have saved him!" Her voice had a clear and confident tone.

"Not from suffering," I answered.

"But from any hurt to his soul. From moral taint, or disease, or blindness. And though the shadow and the cloud may rest upon him as he walks through the valley, he will yet come into the clear sunshine, and there shall not be seen a stain upon his garments!"

Her face had warmed, her eyes were full of light, and her tones almost exultant.

"I can believe it all, Mrs. Catherwood," I replied, as I felt the glow of her enthusiasm.

"May you be like him, Davy—a brave soldier, a true hero, a stainless knight. There are the weak to defend, the oppressed to succor and dragons to slay now, as in those old heroic times. And we have so few knightly men!"

It was some time before the light and warmth went out of Mrs. Catherwood's face. She did not again refer to Mr. Fordyce; and I, though he was continually in my thoughts, and there were many questions which I greatly desired to ask, did not feel at liberty to make mention of him again.

When I returned home that evening, I had a sense of something broader and deeper in my life—a consciousness of strength; a feeling of calmness and self-poise. My inner sight was clearer. New aims and purposes were beginning to take form. I had been raised to a higher level of thought—had come into a new state, and within the sphere of more subtle influences.

(To be continued.)

A CHILD must get past babyhood before it comes within the sphere of a father's authority. A man should think of this in choosing the mother of his children, and be careful to select one who has sense enough to take care of the baby; for, if she lack it, no wisdom of his can supply the deficiency.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 5.

BRISTOL. (MY OWN PAPER.)

I DO not know any city, either in the New World or the Old, more closely linked with reform, religious and social, than this same city of Bristol. Here is the tomb of Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy," in an ancient cathedral founded in 1140, and at a comparatively recent Baptist Chapel is found the grave, marked by a plain slab, of the celebrated Robert Hall, buried near the same chapel where he formerly preached. At the Methodist Chapel is the grave of Captain Webb, the first American Methodist preacher, who used to discourse in full uniform to his hearers in New York. By one of time's sharp and satiric transitions the remnant of an old priory of black friars has become a Quaker school; and close by is the Quaker meeting-house, where George Fox preached, and where he was married. The adjoining streets, Philadelphia and Penn Streets, indicate the residence of another famous Quaker, William Penn, who married Hannah Callowhill, the daughter of a prominent Bristol merchant, and is supposed to have laid out and named these streets on land purchased from her family. Here also lived Richard Champion, the inventor of Bristol china (now so prized for its rarity, that some pieces have brought thrice their weight in gold), an eminent Quaker, and the friend of Burke.

Both the Wesleys were often in Bristol, where Methodism had an early growth. Here is the first preaching place built by Wesley, or certainly one of the first. The arrangement is rather peculiar, as Mr. Wesley's room—his study and parlor—immediately adjoin the chapel itself. There is a rural lane close by, still called "Charles Wesley's Lane," where it is said many of those fervent hymns, no less powerful in their effect than his brother's sermons, were composed by him as he walked.

A few miles from the city is Kingswood, the settlement of colliers, where the early Methodists preached in the open air to the miners, until the tears, coursing down their blackened and stained faces, witnessed how deeply their rough hearts were touched. Here have been long kept, with great appropriateness, many relics of Wesley's earthly career and work, and "Wesley's Walk" is enthusiastically described by one of his followers as exquisitely shaded and perfumed with flowers which are but faint emblems of the savor of his memory.

In regard to social reforms we need only mention the presence here of the great Wilberforce, and the close residence of Hannah More, to show that these were actively carried on.

Nor is Bristol without literary associations; Pope's letters depict him as a well-pleased visitor; Southey was born here, and in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, Chatterton professed to find the Rowley manuscripts, and both Southey and Coleridge were married within its precincts. Here the poet Mason

brought his wife; alas, too late, as the exquisite epitaph by him in Bristol Cathedral testifies:

"To Bristol's font I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bowed to taste the wave,
And died."

Among the other monuments in the cathedral may be seen two, interesting to all lovers of literature, although no poet or author reposes beneath—that of Mrs. Draper Sterne's "Eliza," and of Lady Heskett, the devoted friend and cousin of Cowper.

Nothing can be imagined more quaint and unlike the life of to-day than the garb which the ancient charities of Bristol have imposed on many of the younger portion of the population. Charity schools are to be found in every quarter of the town, and on the streets you meet perpetually long lines of curious, stiffly-attired children, with sweet, grave, little faces peeping out over spotless white aprons, and from under impossible bonnets, or boys in the quaintest costumes of corduroy, or old people from the alms-houses, dressed like pictures of a century back, until you begin half to feel as if you, in modern dress, were the anomaly, and to be almost ashamed of your own appearance. The Colston boys, whose school is now removed to a suburb, still wear muffin caps of blue cloth with a yellow ball and band, leather belts, knee-breeches and hideous yellow worsted stockings. Just so was Chatterton dressed, for he, too, was a Colston boy, and he is thus represented on his cenotaph near Redcliff Church. No wonder he became so imbued with the atmosphere of old times, its quaint, stiff words and thoughts, as to deceive so many scholars and antiquarians.

But a brighter throng issues from the charitable establishment of Alderman Whitson, 1628, for "one grave, painful and modest woman of good life and conversation," and forty orphan girls, the latter to be taught to "read English and sew, and to do some other laudable work toward their maintenance." The girls are admitted from eight to eighteen, and are expected to give their attendance on said "grave and painful woman," and be present before the mayor, aldermen and their wives on Sundays and all "solemn meetings."

After this grave preamble, you may be startled some morning, while perhaps looking up at the "great stone lilies of the fifteenth century," the church-towers soaring high above the smoke and dust of the dingy old town and the narrow streets, to hear "a sudden rush of feet and hum of voices near you, and see the dark place near you all aglow with the coming of the forty 'Red Maids,' who walk by appareled in scarlet gowns," its dazzling hue only rendered more striking by the contrast with their white aprons. It seemed to me as if one of Lewis Carroll's sweet, fantastic books had come to life, and a great bed of old-fashioned garden-flowers had gone abroad for a walk.

But this is not the only peculiarity to be seen in Bristol, as the poet and most charming letter-writer, Pope, discovered, when he came from Bath to Bristol, and wrote Mrs. Martha Blount a description of his visit. We will let him tell of it in his own

words. After speaking of crossing the bridge into Bristol, he says: "From thence you come to a quay along the old wall, with houses standing on both sides, and in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only the water rises to carry them out, so that at other times a long street full of ships in the middle and with houses on both sides looks like a dream. * * * Nothing is fine," he afterwards says, "in Bristol but the square, which is larger than Grosvenor Square, and well-built, with a fine brass statue of King William on horseback; and the quay, which is full of ships, and goes half round the square."

Pope does not agree with the line which calls the old Church of St. Mary Redcliff "the pride of Bristol and the Western land;" but we are inclined to think that any visitor who appreciated the rich loveliness of Gothic architecture, would not so willingly omit it. The chapter-house and the archway below the church belong to the Norman period of art. Within the church are old monuments and inscriptions in almost untranslatable old English, and mural tablets adorned with banners, swords and cuirass, tokens of wars and combats. One monumental group indicates an almost patriarchal household, undivided even in death. It is that of the family of the great Bristol merchant, William Conynge, the younger, who lies buried here with his wife, his almoner, his brewer, cook and other servitors. As the warriors whose ashes sleep in this consecrated ground bear above them the sculptured emblems of war, so this cook has a knife and skimmer rudely cut on the tombstone.

The situation of Bristol is unusually fine, and the surrounding landscapes very beautiful. It is on the Avon, about ten miles from its union with the Severn, and the Avon has cut a course through the heights below the town which is exceedingly picturesque. There is a suspension-bridge, designed by Brunel, which unites Baiston with the lovely town of Clifton, from which two of our own suburb towns in America are named, and the Clifton of Cincinnati will lose nothing by contrast with its older namesake. Pope writes most enthusiastically of the high and variegated rocks, the green branches and gently undulating slopes, closely wooded of this suburb, a site which he calls "delicious for either walking or riding." It was, in fact, much frequented in Pope's time for the waters of the Hot Well, a place which has now sunk wholly into oblivion.

With one more memory which arises as one stands on the brink of the chasm at Clifton, I shall close, reserving it for the last, as it points to the first intercourse between the Old World and the New. Down this very stream dropped the little vessel called the "Matthew," with the Cabots on board, bound for the discovery of far-off lands in America; and, indeed, from Bristol also, long afterwards, came the

first steamer on the same journey toward our home in the West. Since then, many a traveler has come back to the country of his forefathers, but generally to Liverpool rather than Bristol.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

ONE DAY IN AUTUMN.

DAYS of autumn, days of autumn,
You to me are like your leaves;
When in red and gold you've wrought them,
Oft the trusting heart believes
That this glowing, royal wreathing
Surely waves for nature's crown—
When a sudden icy breathing
Shrivels it to ashes brown.

I remember, I remember,
One fair day in early fall—
Other days (and leaves) September
Has, like that one, tinged them all.
Forests flaming, banners blushing,
Up the hillsides, down the lane,
All ablaze the sunshine flushing—
Eve brought leaden skies and rain.

Like the aster, like the aster,
Autumn's sapphire, glowed his eyes,
He, whom glad my heart called master,
Though he might my love despise.
But, in hope, I trembling waited,
Cheeks all carmine, like the day,
Hope that each for each was fated—
Gorgeous pageants mean decay!

Strangers only, strangers only—
Ah, sad spirit, say not so!
Though to-day my heart is lonely,
We shall meet again, I know.
He, not I, shall hope and tremble,
And the love he once despised
He shall seek, nor need dissemble,
As a royal treasure prized.

Days of autumn, days of autumn,
Wave your scarlet standards long!
Dazzling mockeries I thought them,
Masking death—but I was wrong.
All the regal splendor glowing,
All the lavish wealth ailing,
All the wasted glory going,
Only make a richer spring.

FANNIE.

PROFESSOR CALDWELL, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone; you will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 7.

ALADY writes and asks us to tell about our way of crystallizing with alum, making alumbaskets, and such pretty things. In our own experience we never had the best success with this kind of work, but our little neighbor, Lee Fulmer, does make beautiful baskets, and crosses, and winter bouquets, and we jot down her manner. We sit on the door-step of her pretty village home, and write this on our lap.

To make a basket, take bonnet-wire, and form it into shape by planning it over a tiny basket, or box, and then make the handle in proportion to the size. The wire must be wrapped neatly and loosely with white yarn or crevel, if wrapped with anything else it will not be so apt to gather the crystals. Then suspend the little basket in a wooden pail, or vessel that is sufficiently large, so as not to touch the article to be crystallized anywhere at all. Take soft water, rain water is preferable, and to every quart allow one pound of alum. Make enough to cover the basket entirely. Lee dissolves her alum in a clean brass kettle, and when scalding hot pours it over the wire-basket in the wooden vessel. Let it stand over night, taking care not to shake or move it, and if the directions are followed to the letter, in the morning you will find a beautiful crystal basket. Cool weather is best for such work. Now if you do not prefer white crystal, you can color it any shade you like. Milk-white is beautiful, and easily made by holding the basket, already crystallized, over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor arising precipitates the alumina on the surface. Blue may be obtained by putting into the solution of alum, equal, but small quantities of alum and blue vitriol. If a darker blue is desired—quite a deep blue—add a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. If a beautiful crimson is the choice, add a mixture of madder and cochineal. A fine shade of green is produced by taking equal parts of blue vitriol and alum, with a minute portion of copperas. Black, by taking black ink and thickening it with gum to prevent settling. Yellow is pretty, too, and can be obtained by adding muriate of iron; a deep shade is the result by putting in a little tumeric; purple is very fine in crystal, and is obtained by dissolving a small portion of extract of logwood in the alum-water. Pink may be had by tying some poke-berries in a cloth, and squeezing the juice into the alum-water before heating it. All these coloring matters should be put into the solution of alum-water before heating. If not, it may settle in the bottom of the vessel.

The aniline dyes that we recommended a while ago, will be found of service if one is bent on making something pretty in the way of winter bouquets, and prefers colors. By following these directions one can make a bouquet that would be rare and satisfactory. Gather seed vessels, and the heads of grain and grasses, and small dried flowers. Make an alum solution strong enough to crystallize, divide it into

as many different vessels as you desire colors—jelly-glasses, or old tumblers, or cups will answer—and when made they can be grouped together into a bouquet, which, with green leaves made of wax or green paper varnished, will make a handsome bouquet that neither frost nor neglect to water, will injure as it would living flowers. Or, these colored crystallized flowers and grasses may be clustered together in a crystal basket—a shallow one with a wide handle across it—and the result will be very gratifying indeed. But one of the prettiest things about Lee's house is a branch of artificial coral. We should think from the appearance that it was a little branch of hawthorn with raisin stems tied on, here and there, and the string left in knots with a bit of ends hanging. Wrap the whole with lapping thread. Then melt some beeswax in any shallow vessel and color it with American vermilion, the powder, until the color suits you. Hold the branch down close to the wax, and, with a spoon, dip up and pour over until it is all covered, take it away until cooled, then pour on again and again till the wax covers every part. This will resemble a beautiful branch of coral, and with a little ingenuity can be placed on the wall or in a corner under a bracket, and have the appearance of holding up, or sustaining the bracket. Just a purposeless branch of coral, hanging on the wall, does not look half so pretty as if it seemed to be useful, and was placed for a purpose.

We have told you about Nellie, the little niece of ours—our brother Rube's adopted child. She is old enough now to come over to grandpa's alone—has two gates and two fences in the way, but she is very active and springy, and we trust her to go alone. Until lately she has been afraid of our dog. When she was very small she took his paw to shake hands with him, and he bit her little, thin, blue wrist, and she never trusted afterward. She said: "I was willing to shake hands, but he didn't wish any."

This morning as we sat down to write we heard a soft little patter of feet coming up the walk, and then a rustling of clean, starched coats, and the next instant the dear kitten had sprang into our lap and was kissing us hungrily. Her golden hair was freshly curled, and her sweet little face and neck smelt of Castile-soap, and the bureau-drawers in which lie, lavender-scented, the family, and bed and table-linen. How could we write! We were glad to see the little midge, even if her coming did make our thoughts take wing and fly away.

Now it happened a few days ago that when we made some very nice pickles we sent, in a neighborly way, a dish of them to Nellie's mother, and to Ida. Nellie likes auntie's pickles. She had not been here three minutes to-day, until the shrewd little detective began to hint. She lay close in our arms, clinging like a chimney swallow, when she sighed and put one hand up to her forehead, remarking: "I had the headache once; right here; it did ache, I tell you! Oh, I couldn't eat many of those pickles you sent over. Oh! My head's better now, but I wouldn't ask for a pickle; that wouldn't look well, you know."

I try to be very good to my papa; I give him the biggest bite of everything, and I don't feel a bit provoked after it; I allus 'vide with him." We did not take the hint. She raised up and looking about she planned a new attack from another point.

"Let us have a drink; the water out of grandpa's well is so good, and your pantry is so nice." When she had drank, she looked about her, and said: "What a nice cupboard you have; larger than ours, I guess. Wonder how it looks inside? Seems to me I smell something like pickles!"

We paid no heed to the cunning little hints, we wanted to see how she would ask if let alone. She sat awhile looking out of the window, then she slid her hand down into our pocket and laughed a short, cute, gurgling laugh with a little sniff at the end of it. We do not know what idea was in her head at the time, but presently she drew up her soft, white shoulders, and said: "Auntie, look down my back, something stings and bites like a 'squito or a mouse." We looked, and saw a red dot on her back, and a little brown meadow-cricket chirped and flew past our face. A new thought suggested itself: "I guess the crickets must be hungry," said she, "to bite me that way; but they needn't do it, for I'm just as hungry as they are."

Then we "kissed the place to make it well," and, as if we'd had not an inkling before, we inquired if Nellie wouldn't like some of auntie's good bread and butter, and pickles, to which with a very demure air she assented, adding that their breakfast had been a very early one that morning. After she had eaten she felt at peace with all the world, and her complacency manifested itself in the inquiry, whether or not auntie would like to hear her sing. Of course auntie would. She asked if we preferred something funny or something mournful. Our preference was for the latter. They had lately lost an old cow named Martin, and Nellie could think of nothing more pathetic, and putting the words to the familiar air frequently sung in her Sabbath-school, she began in a clear voice:

"Where is Martin, where is Martin,
To make up her jewels, precious jewels;
So she died, so she died,
Precious Martin, precious Martin;
Her eyes are shut and she is d-e-a-d.

"And she was the best cow we ever had,
And her eyes went shut, went s-h-u-t;
And so she suf-fer-ed and died—
She rolled down the hill to the b-r-o-o-k,
To the b-r-o-o-k.

"And she left her calf, R-o-s-a,
So we only got two cows to m-i-l-k—
Precious Martin, precious Martin,
(Don't cry, auntie; she's better off!)"

Ida was making jam; and after it was done she gave Nellie a teaspoon, rolled up her sleeves, pinned a napkin about her neck, and stood the kettle on the floor beside her. The dear child! I peeped out, and the tableau was charming. There she sat on her

little bare feet, which were doubled under her in that inexplicable way that graceful babies fix their beautiful, lithe little feet and legs; the jam was all about her mouth and cheeks, and she was just saying in a soft, cooing, grandmotherly way: "Oh, this jam is so good for sickness!"

Now any of you mothers or baby-lovers know very well that we couldn't stand this—that we ran out and kissed the precious child, even to the cute little feet crossed so cunningly, with the tiny toes like pinky dots.

When our minister went away to Lowell, Indiana, he left some things up-stairs in his room, and among them is an old fur hat, a good deal the worse of wear. One day, when Nellie was up there looking at the pictures, we put the hat on her head, very gravely, without smiling, even. She took it off gently, and her beautiful blue eyes looked with a questioning expression into our face, and she said, apologetically: "Oh, I don't care about it, auntie—I don't care!"

"Well, put it on, then," we replied, as the big hat fell clear down over her mouth.

She raised it off, and spluttered out: "Oh, I don't care 'bout it; 'deed I don't!"

The dear child was in a quandary; she didn't want to hurt our feelings, and didn't want to wear the hat.

One day she watched her father dressing a squirrel for dinner. She did not ask the name of the little animal, and he neglected to tell her; but at the table she amused them very much by asking for *another piece of the cat*.

On seeing a man whose feet were deformed, she very demurely inquired: "Wonder who that is, papa—that man who's turned 'round?"

Her mother told her once that she must beg pardon of a playmate for an act of rudeness. She hesitated, and stood a good bit, with her little pink finger-tip pressed against her pretty little milk-teeth. Only an instant, though; then catching her breath in a fluttering sigh, she walked up to the child, locked her hands behind her, leaned forward and in a low voice murmured: "Oh, I's so 'shamed! D'y'e hear? I's so 'shamed!"

Nellie begins to spell easy words now, and it is very funny to hear her spell all our family names, from grandpa down to the kitten. Yesterday we asked her to spell some word that she could not, and with a puzzled expression she said: "Let us trade; you spell that, and I'll spell cow or dog."

She said the other day, in speaking of a poor man: "I like him; I always did like Ben Green; he stays in the bosom of his family."

One of our neighbors, Mr. Milligan, lost his fine dwelling-house by fire. The foundation remained, not much damaged; and Nellie stood beside her pa holding to one of his fingers and surveying the ruins. Her thoughts went out in pity toward one of the little children, and she sighed and said: "Poor Dellie Milligan! the lining is all bur'd out of her house!"

She wished one day that her cat, Jerry, could talk

and asked her father what was the reason he couldn't. He was busy reading, and without any heed he said, hastily: "Tail's too long."

The next day her mother, trailing about in a wrapper, did not reply to one of Nellie's queries, and the child muttered to herself: "Can't talk—tail's too long!"

Her best wax doll has three names—named for the two girls and myself; her common doll is named Dinah. The former is a good doll; but of the latter she says: "I'm obliged to baste Diner often!"

One incident connected with our little Nellie touches the tenderest place in our heart. Her hair is very fine, and long, and silken, and because she is such a dancing little mischief, it is hard to comb, and brush, and curl. Her yellow curls are the admiration of the neighborhood. While her mother is fixing her hair she is impatient, and can hardly bear the restraint; but if her little hand can lie in her father's, she does not mind the hurt and the annoyance at all. If her hair is tangled unusually, she wants to draw nearer to her papa—wants to sit with her arms about his neck. Then there is no hurt and no complaint.

Let professed Christians who read this observe what the illustration teaches. It is true. If we draw near to our Father in Heaven, the trials and sorrows of this poor life cannot hurt us. If we feel that He is our Friend, every grief is disarmed of its sting, every blow aimed at us falls to the ground.

We have thought of this beautiful simile with tears, and we hope that it has done us good. The little blossom that opened her blue eyes in the June month is our blessing and our riches. Our baby, that,

"When the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, glowing-hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And out-shaking from the bushes
Singing-larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
Came with eyes like heaven above her—
Oh, we could not help but love her!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

FLOWERS AND THE SICK.—It is supposed that many flowers should be carefully kept away from sick people, that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong fragrant blossoms as lilacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately-scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well-aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonnette or violets, and the subtle cheer which they bring in with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits.

AMERICA IN THE EAST.

WILLIAM E. BAXTER, a member of the British Parliament, said recently, in a public address delivered in Scotland:

"Wherever I traveled four years ago, in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asiatic and European Turkey, I found that men of all nationalities and creeds, of all opinions on the Eastern question, and other questions as well, emphatically and unanimously gave evidence that the colleges, schools, churches and other institutions conducted in the most business-like manner, with most conspicuous ability, with remarkable freedom from all sectarian or religious narrowness, by American gentlemen, were doing more for the civilization and elevation of the ignorant masses in the East, than any other agency whatever."

One of the educational institutions to which the honorable English statesman referred, is Robert College, at Constantinople, a view of which is given in this number. It was founded in 1860. A large-hearted Christian gentleman of New York, Christopher R. Robert, having a few years before visited Constantinople, and become deeply interested in the missionary work there, especially in its educational aspects, conceived the plan of establishing a high school for the benefit of the youth of various nationalities in that great metropolis. His plan for a high school, in conference and correspondence with the missionaries, grew into plans for the college which now bears his name. Following the leadings of Providence, and the promptings of his own generous heart, he increased his donations to the enterprise from one of thirty thousand dollars to a total of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Miss Olive Risley, the adopted daughter of W. H. Seward, who made one of the party which accompanied that distinguished gentleman in his voyage "around the world," gives the following interesting account of a Fourth of July dinner and reception given to the ex-secretary of state by the president and faculty of Robert College in 1871:

"We repaired this morning, in accordance with an invitation, to Robert College, an American University for the education of Turkish youths, founded by the liberality of Christopher R. Robert, of New York. Twelve years ago the Turkish Government conceded the site, which is the most commanding on the Bosphorus. But Mussulman jealousies caused delay in confirming the concession. A long, and sometimes unpleasant discussion, which occurred on the subject between the two governments, was happily brought to an end during the closing year of Mr. Seward's official term in the department of State. The firman having been issued, two years sufficed for building an edifice adequate to the accommodation of one hundred and fifty students.

"Dr. Hamlin, who has had sole charge of the enterprise, is president, with a faculty of eleven professors, and already there are one hundred and twenty-five students. The fourth of July was chosen by President Hamlin to commemorate the completion of this

important work, with due acknowledgment to the Government of the United States and the Government of Turkey for their favor and patronage. Mr. Seward's arrival at this juncture and Blacque Bey's

students, with United States citizens residing at Constantinople, received Mr. Seward, and, having been severally presented to him on the veranda, attended him in procession to the reception-hall. A dinner,



ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

presence at Constantinople were regarded as fortunate coincidences of the celebration.

"After a long drive by the side of the Bosphorus and over its eminences, we espied the United States flag waving from the college. The president, faculty and

provided by the American residents, was served—the first public entertainment of the kind ever known on the shores of the Bosphorus. And so the ivy-crowned, castellated towers near by, which, in 1453, forty years before the discovery of America, poured forth the

invading army which subverted Christianity in the empire, and established Moslem despotism, in Stamboul, now were witnesses of the celebration of an event which is a sure guarantee of religious as well as political regeneration of society throughout the world. Dr. Hamlin presided at one of the two tables, which was decorated with the Stars and Stripes; while Blaque Bey, by the leave, and with the instruction of the Divan, presided at the other, under a canopy formed by the Crescent flag of the Turkish Empire. The guests were Americans with their families; Turks, of course without theirs; and the body of students, among whom were representatives from every province of the empire, as well as from Persia, Greece and the Islands of the Levant.

"Dr. Hamlin closed a spirited oration with congratulations to Mr. Seward on his arrival at Constantinople, and thanks for the interest in the college which he had manifested. Mr. Seward answered in a manner which seemed to awaken deep sensibility among his own countrymen, while the natives of the East listened with surprise and pleasure to a free exercise of speech for the first time in their lives. Blaque Bey and Mr. Brown followed with speeches which were pleasing and appropriate in their allusions to Mr. Seward, Robert College, and the relations between Turkey and the United States. When the exercises closed, the assembly attended Mr. Seward to his carriage, and parted from him with cheers for himself, for the Union, for the Turkish Empire and for Robert College."

The death of Mr. Robert took place in 1878. By his will an additional large sum was bequeathed to the college.

LUDICROUS POLITENESS.

INSINCERITY and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities quite unintentionally. A great man, addressing the House of Lords, said: "It is my most painful duty to inform your lordships that it has pleased the Almighty to release the king from his sufferings." This was equivalent to saying that he was sorry the king's sufferings were over.

A maid of honor in France, being asked the honor by her royal mistress, obsequiously replied: "What your majesty pleases?" an answer even less definite than that of the cow-boy, who, after looking up at the town clock, said it was "only half an inch past eight."

A nurse wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby intrusted to her care, said: "Oh, sir, I flatter myself the child is going to die."

A nobleman told a visitor that he had been talking to him in a dream. "Pardon me," replied the other, "I really did not hear you."

A lady of rank having had the professional services of a village piper at a little fete which she had given on her estate, received the following ridiculously civil note from him: "Your ladyship's

pardon for my boldness in thus applying for payment would be almost a sufficient compensation for the labor of your humble piper, Patrick Walsh."

Lord Clarendon, in his essay on the decay of respect paid to old age, says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, *except at dinner*. In the present day, the wearing of it at dinner would be thought more disrespectful than at any other time.

George IV, when Prince of Wales, used to return the bows of all persons in the street except beggars. He justified this omission by remarking that to return a beggar's bow without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would seem ostentatious in a prince.

Sir Robert Graham being apprised that he had, by mistake, pronounced sentence of transportation on a criminal who had been found guilty of a capital offense, desired the man to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he said: "Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon*," and then passed on him the awful sentence of death.

A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said: "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied: "I'm very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

While an officer was bowing, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never loses by politeness."

Napoleon's hat having fallen off, a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and presented it to him. "Thank you, *captain*," said the emperor, inadvertently. "In what regiment, *sire*?" inquired the sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, and forthwith promoted the witty youth to a captaincy.

Notwithstanding the fury with which the battle of Fontenoy was contested, it began with a great show of civility. Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Auteroche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him. "Fire! gentleman of the French guards!" exclaimed the English captain. "No, my lord," replied the French lieutenant; "we never fire first." This reminds us of an anecdote told of Curran, who being called out to give satisfaction to an officer for some imaginary offense, was told by his antagonist to fire first, which he declined, saying: "As you gave the invitation, I beg you will open the ball."

At the battle of Trafalgar, a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck on which he fell, than the wounded man said: "Thank you, Jack; and, please God, I'll do the same for you before the fight's over."

Religious Reading.

EARNEST TALKS.

No. 7.

"Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will be but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow."

LIKE a golden plummet, the words flashed through the darkness of my thought, bringing peace to the troubled waters, balm to the wearied spirit. I had forgotten that life and its duties came only in one little day at a time; the future looked so great, its work so wearisome, how could I meet it all?

But now a window had suddenly opened before me. Edward Garrett says: "When we set our windows open that we may watch the distant dawn, one of its first rays enters our own chamber and glorifies it." I saw with clearer vision; I was no longer afraid. The work would come only day by day, and with each new day would come new strength. I had only to fit myself to receive it, only to seek and I should surely find. The heavenly manna came not alone to the wandering tribes of Israel, nor ceased with that olden time. Still it comes each day, fresh and sweet, from the Father-hand, but too often we fail to notice it, too often we refuse the new supply and try to feed our souls with the stale remnants of yesterday's feast; or, in the midst of plenty, we vex and worry ourselves with the fear that some day we shall go out to gather and find none. As if the Father could forget His own! Would He have taught us to pray each day for daily bread if He had not meant we should have it? "Give us this day," not to-morrow or any future day, but "*this day* our daily bread."

Did it ever occur to you, readers, that the reason why some, asking for bread, seem to get but a stone, may be because their prayers are not prefaced with *work*? Why should we ask for spiritual food if we do not the work of the Master? What do you think of the man, strong of limb and arm, who presents himself at your door begging for food, yet refusing the work you offer him? Do you feel it right to grant his prayer under such circumstances? Do you not scorn the unwillingness to gather the manna, by the work of his own hands, he betrays? If he will not earn his food, ought he not to suffer the pangs of hunger? Is it charity to feed those who can feed themselves? God does not set a premium on laziness of any kind, and the soul that does not, by its earnestness, its willingness to work anywhere in the Master's vineyard, prove its heirship, need not complain if sometimes it hungers and finds no food.

Prayer is good, but it must not, cannot, take the place of work. St. James says, "Faith without works availeth nothing;" and I think he meant we should give a very literal interpretation to his words. But let us remember our work must be done in the spirit of Him who sent us, or it, too, "availeth nothing." Suppose the Israelites, instead of going out to gather the manna, had stayed in their tents praying to be fed, would it not have been long ere their wants were supplied? But, no, they gathered it each day according to the day's needs, and were forbidden to gather more.

Here, too, is an important lesson if we will but heed it. In some respects, in its constant, daily need, the soul is not so different from the body. The food

is different, but the need of food is just as great, nay, is greater, and the fault is our own if we find no food for its refreshing.

Not that our prayers are always answered as we would have them, or our surroundings always such as we deem best suited to satisfy our higher needs. Often we are held down by circumstances, hedged in in a way we cannot prevent; but are we not, each of us, in the place assigned us by the loving wisdom of the All-Father? Would He place any of us so far away, or in such adverse circumstances, that we may not still go to Him for daily bread? Is not the fault largely ours if we fail to find it? Cramped and darkened though our life may be, there is yet in it a road that leads to Him. Above all the storms, His voice is calling us. His sunshine can pierce even the darkest cloud. No hedge around us can be too dense or thorny for His angels to break through, unless we make it so by our own willfulness and blindness. Even then they come, though we receive them not. If we try to do our best always, if we are true to our highest thought of right and duty, though our life and the place in which it is lived may be very different from what we would wish to have it, it must still be the best for us, or it would not be, and some day we shall see it so; some day the "crooked places" will be made straight, and all be clear before us. Just now it may be only that

"We see the struggle, we hear the sigh
Of this sorrowful world of ours;
But in loving patience God sits on high,
Because He can see the flowers."

Oh, that we might oftener see the flowers, too! Or, if we cannot see them, that we might still believe they are near, and catch the perfume coming from them day by day! We rob ourselves of so much in this life, we pass so many treasures unheeded by, because we will not see. Because some things are lacking we fain would have, need we give up all? There is always something left to be thankful for—something on which we may rest till the next step in the ladder is revealed. Let us make the most of what is already ours, and more will come by and by. It was to the faithful keeper of a few things more was given, and "The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duties of our present sphere." No one rises to greater things by neglect of present duty, and only those who are true in little things can be true in greater ones. A little duty, a little day, may seem but a trifle, taken singly, but life is made up of these things, and it is only by doing each duty well, by making the most of each day as it comes, that true excellence is attained. In reality, nothing is little—no little words or deeds, no little duties, no little sorrows or joys, no little blessings. Each is a part of something greater, and is great in its connection and importance, great in its influence. When once the ball is set in motion, none can tell when or where it will stop. It rolls on and on, gaining in speed and volume, until it becomes mighty beyond our conception or thought. There are wheels within wheels, circles within circles, and we each add our part to the whole.

How beautiful would be the scene, how sweet the music, were all our lives set in harmony with the divine in nature! Without any painful jarring, without a discordant sound, the notes would swell in

one grand anthem, and angels, catching the sweet strains, would give them back in sweeter melody, till Heaven and earth became one, wedded by the music of love and good-will in happy hearts! When will the glad day come? Afar off it may be, but is it not coming, surely coming, and does not each right effort of ours, each true life lived, each kind word spoken or good deed done, help to bring it nearer? Some day its dawning light will make beautiful the eastern hills, and the waiting earth will rejoice with "exceeding joy." Some day all sad, troubled lives will be led by the side of still waters; but let us not forget how much we each must do ere this can be. "The Father worketh in us" truly, yet each must work out his own salvation, and wait not for another to do what we can best do for ourselves. It is enough that He gives the manna, and the longing for it; do not wait for Him to gather it also, but gather each day according to your need, and take no worrisome thought of the morrow.

"Only one day

To bear the strain
Of living, and to battle with pain.

Only one day;

To-morrow's care,
To-morrow, if it come, itself shall bear."

To-day alone is ours; let us rightly use it.

EARNEST.

POVERTY NOT A PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

THE poor do not go to Heaven on account of their poverty, but on account of their life. Every one's life follows him, whether he be rich or poor. There is no peculiar mercy for one more than for another. He who lives well is received, and he who lives ill is rejected. Besides, poverty seduces and withdraws man from Heaven as much as wealth. Great numbers among the poor are not contented with their lot, but are eager for many things, and believe riches to be blessings. They are angry, therefore, when they do not receive them, and think evil concerning the Divine Providence. They also envy others the good things which they possess. Besides, they are as ready as the wicked among the rich to defraud others, and to live in sordid pleasures when they have the opportunity. But it is otherwise with the poor who are content with their lot, who are faithful and diligent in their calling, who love labor better than idleness, who act sincerely and honestly, and then at the same time lead a Christian life.—SWEDENBORG.

BEING our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself.

Mother's' Department.

OUR CHILDREN'S CULTURE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

IF you chanced to stroll through the village of — on a summer evening, your eye would fall on a picturesque and interesting group as you passed by Mrs. L.'s yard in which you would probably see her sitting under the shade of a fine old oak-tree with a group of eager children clustered around her. She is reading aloud a volume, to which they all listen spell-bound, whilst ever and anon over the speaking young faces drift expressions of alternate pleasure, regret, hope, fear and anxiety, according to the turn the story takes. Mrs. L. made a habit of reading aloud to her children regularly every evening, and as she lived in a village, the rumor of these readings went abroad, and they became so popular that her children's playmates frequently attended them, and thus she gradually came to perform a wider use than cultivating the minds of her own children alone. It is indeed generally the case in life that when we begin to perform any use or confer any benefit, it is apt to spread into far wider proportions than we had at first expected.

All the forenoon, the children looked forward to their pleasant afternoon reading with their mother and the equally pleasant discussion that followed the reading. In summer, these readings took place beneath a grand old oak-tree that would have filled a Druid with superstitious veneration, whilst in winter they were held in the bright, comfortable dining-room before a cheery blaze.

I was not surprised to hear through several sources that Mrs. L.'s children were the most cultivated and intelligent in the village, for her wise training was calculated to make them so. Her reading to them and with them was calculated to assist them in forming a fine literary taste, to enhance their pleasure

and interest in literature, and to give them a more intelligent comprehension of it. In the first place, the mere act of her participating in the reading sufficed to give it a zest to her children. In the second place, the book derived so much more point when read with proper emphasis and expression, and appeared so much more coherent than when read aloud by a very young and unskillful reader. In the third place, the book was so much more clearly comprehended and properly appreciated from the discussions of it that followed the reading—discussions in which Mrs. L. encouraged her children to freely express their sentiments and opinions, however crude, and in which, by her wise suggestions, and still more by her questions, she did so much to train their analytical powers, and to improve their taste.

Mrs. L. was wise enough to see that parents do not acquit themselves of their full duty in regard to their children's culture by merely providing them with books, even if these be of the best. This, though an exceedingly important step, is not sufficient. The soil must first be prepared for the reception of the good seed, and after this is sown, the ground still requires constant attention. It must be worked and weeded, kept in a soft, receptive state, and stirred so as to facilitate the seed in germinating and growing.

Look abroad into nature, and you will see this truth enforced and corroborated, and as the analogy between the world of matter and of mind is not a fanciful nor partial one, but is exact and complete, we may form a just idea of mental and spiritual culture by observing the processes of natural husbandry. The husbandman does not rest content with procuring and sowing good seed. This is but a small part of his work compared with the task of getting the soil in order and keeping it so, otherwise the seed will germinate poorly, and yield scantily.

To converse with children about what they read greatly assists the mental seed in germinating. A

loving and intelligent parent may contribute incalculably toward a child's culture by pursuing this plan. It will greatly increase the child's interest in his book, lead him to read more carefully and reflectively, help to cultivate his reasoning powers and critical faculties, and improve his taste. In short, it will give a vitality to the reading which it would never have if pursued alone by the child. The parent should take great care, however, in reading and discussing books with his children not to let his intellect and judgment supersede the action of theirs. His remarks should be suggestive, not dogmatic, and he should carefully refrain from forming judgments and opinions for the children, as his aim should be solely to stimulate their mental activity, not to supersede it by his own. The parent should strive to draw out a genuine, artless expression of the child's opinions and feelings in reference to what he is reading, and he should question him about it in a way that will set him to reflecting on it, if he has not already done so. If it seems to the parent that the child's little views and sentiments are taking a wrong bent, he should gently try to give them another direction, always holding the child's freedom in view, however.

Oral instruction is an admirable avenue of culture. It is both an excellent prelude, and an excellent supplement to the culture to be obtained from books. Long before a child is old enough to read, or even to appreciate reading aloud, its little mind may be stored with many gentle and pleasing ideas and interesting facts by means of oral instruction, conveyed imperceptibly, if the parents be wise and judicious. In this connection I might say much about the admirable kindergarten and object-teaching system, but this would lead me too far from the subject directly in view. In reference to oral instruction, no stronger proof could be adduced of its value than the fact that the ancient Greek philosophers instructed their pupils chiefly in this way.

A pleasant picture rises to mind of Plato, Socrates and other "grand, old masters" discoursing to and with their pupils, and imparting to them by the living voice, with all its expressive inflections, so many noble and quickening thoughts. We cannot be Grecian sages, but any Christian parent of culture and intelligence may richly store the minds of his children by conversing with them, and of all others, this is the best preparation we can give a child for the love and pursuit of literature. It is incalculable how much a child's mind may be cultivated and quickened by oral instruction which may be imparted so graphically and delightfully that the child will be quite unconscious that "the schoolmaster is abroad."

As I write, I recall the image of a loving and

highly-educated mother, who set herself diligently to work to cultivate the minds of her children. She kept this end in view, not only when they were bending over their books, but when they were in the open air, walking amongst flowers and ferns, watching the glories of the sunset, or following the course of a silvery brook that threaded its way through the forest. Every object they came across gave her an opening to suggest some pleasing idea, or to teach them some new and interesting fact—and all this she did so gently, so gradually and with so much tact that her children never found out, until they were mature, how easily and pleasantly they had been led along a flower-covered path of knowledge and culture in their childhood.

While we are training our children to love the beautiful in literature, we should take equal pains in training them to descry and love the beauty all around them, the great, outspread book of nature. This is a source of culture, pure and elevating, inexhaustible, and always accessible. Every source of pure and lasting enjoyment that we encourage our children to love and seek after is an incalculable benefit to them. To love and appreciate nature truly, is cheering, elevating and refining. It helps to render any one independent of circumstances, for whoever loves good books and nature, no matter how circumscribed or untoward his worldly prospects may be, is secure of two companions always accessible, always ready to delight and soothe him with their beauty, and to offer him a source of pure, lasting and rational enjoyment long after artificial pleasures have palled on him. It seems to me that a love of nature should go hand in hand with a love of literature. The two seem to strengthen each other and to blend and intermingle. No descriptive literature can be truly appreciated by any one who is not a genuine lover and close observer of nature. For instance, in the field of poetry, there are myriads of exquisitely-drawn pictures of nature, the force, and beauty, and fidelity of which would be thrown away on any one who did not love and closely observe nature. (I may observe also in parenthesis that he who does not note and study the tints and outlines of nature, will be unable to judge fairly of the merits of landscape painting, or to appreciate its beauties. It seems to me, too, that he who notes and loves the music of nature—the solemn rush of waters, the sighing of the wind through the pine-trees, the joyous notes of birds, will have his hearing and his love quickened for the harmonies of art.)

Let us, therefore, in the training of our children, not narrow them to the culture to be obtained from books alone, but strive to develop in them a love for the beautiful in nature as well as in literature and art.

MARY W. EARLY.

History and Travel.

SPAIN.

SPAIN comprises the greater part of the extensive peninsula lying in the south-western part of Europe, bounded on the north by the Bay of Biscay, on the west and south-west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south and east by the Mediterranean Sea, and connected with the mainland by a tract of country traversed by the Pyrenees Mountains, which last form the boundary line between itself and France.

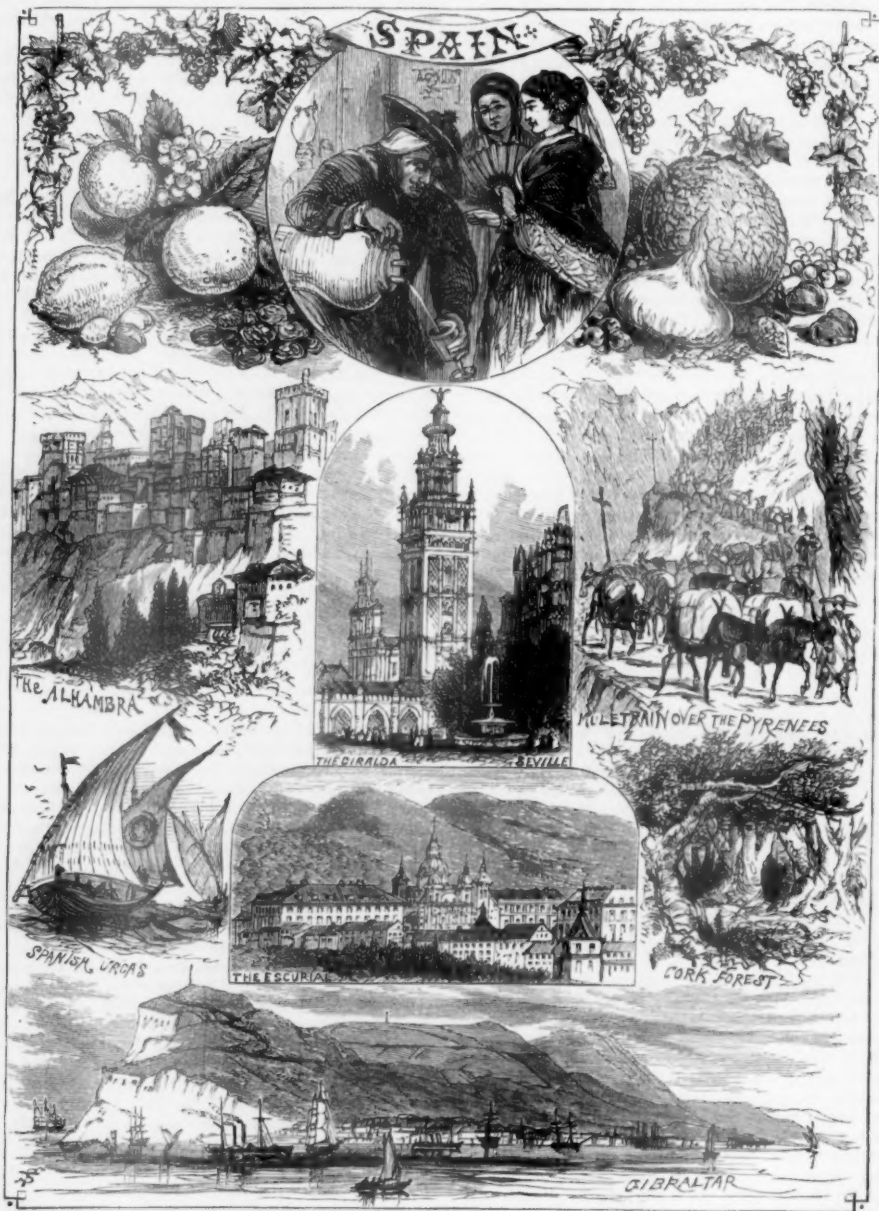
Spain includes an area of about one hundred and ninety-four thousand square miles, and it is nearly seven hundred miles long and five hundred broad.

The country is divided into fourteen provinces, namely: Navarre, noted as the native dominions of Henri IV of France, the hero of the Battle of Ivry; Biscay; the Asturias; Galicia; Aragon, one of whose princesses, Catherine, was the first wife of Henry VIII of England; Catalonia; Leon; Old Castile; New Castile; Estremadura; Valencia; Andalusia.

lusia, famous for its horses (Andalusia includes Cordova, Seville and Granada); Murcia; and the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean.

The climate is mild in the north and west, where the cork forests grow. In the high table-lands of the

country around Madrid is treeless and barren, though at one time very fertile. The chief minerals are iron, tin, copper, coal and quicksilver. The wild animals are the wolf, bear, wild boar, ibex, and, on the rock of Gibraltar, the Barbary ape, the only European



centre of the country, the extremes of heat and cold are very severe. In the south it is hot and semi-tropical, and oranges, lemons, citrons, grapes, olives, the sugar-cane, figs, dates and cotton, grow freely. Spain suffers in her climate from the loss of her great forests, which have been foolishly cut down; the

monkey. The celebrated Merino sheep are justly noted for their soft and silky fleece.

The principal cities of Spain are Barcelona, exporting nuts and oranges; Alicante, raisins and dried fruits; Gibraltar, held by the English as a fortress; Toledo, famed for sword-blades; Cordova, noted for

leather, but more especially as the birthplace of the renowned philosopher Seneca; and Seville and Granada for ancient Moorish buildings, including the famous Alhambra. Madrid, the capital, is situate near the central part, in the province of New Castile. The largest rivers are the Ebro, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, which, though highly valued by the inhabitants, might be employed to far better advantage under a more favorable system of things.

Like France and England, Spain was once inhabited by a race of people called Celts, and like them, also, it was conquered and made a Roman colony by Julius Cæsar. Five hundred years later, a war-like tribe, called the Visigoths, crossed the Pyrenees into Spain and settled there. Two centuries afterwards, in A. D. 711, the Moors, who were Mohammedans, invaded Southern Spain from Africa, and founded a dominion which lasted seven hundred years. These Moors were both brave and learned people, far advanced in civilization beyond the Goths, and brought to Seville, Toledo and Granada arts and industries that, after a thousand years, still survive there. In A. D. 1492, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moors were finally expelled, and Spain became a Roman Catholic country. In the same year, under the patronage of this queen, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery to America.

Slowly Spain became the richest and most powerful State in Europe. She conquered and held nearly all the West Indies, the greater part of South America and Mexico, besides other settlements in Asia and Africa. She ruled cruelly in the Netherlands and Sicily. One by one she has lost all her conquests except Cuba in the West Indies, the Canary Islands

and the Philippine Islands in Asia. Her government has almost always been despotic, and in the hands of priests and nobles. The Inquisition sent many of her noblest sons to torture and to the stake. Her rulers have feared liberty of thought and speech. Revolutions and civil wars have ensued, which have in turn been repressed with severity and great distress.

Of the present population of Spain, an immense proportion is composed of persons who do very little of importance—for instance, decayed nobility subsisting on the remnants of their ancient grandeur; robbers, smugglers and escaped convicts; corrupt officials employed to look after these latter, but having an understanding with them; monks and nuns inhabiting countless convents; and swarms of beggars fed at their gates. As a natural consequence, the whole land is plunged in poverty. Nevertheless, the Spanish character has many virtues, and when education and religious freedom spread in Spain she will once more be a great and powerful nation.

Among the most famous Spaniards, we may mention Seneca, before alluded to, and his nephew, Lucan, author of "Pharsalia;" the Cid, hero of the national epic; Cervantes, author of that inimitable piece of satire, "Don Quixote;" Lope de Vega and Le Sage, writers of tragedies and romances; and Velasquez and Murillo, great painters.

The present king is Alfonso, a youth of twenty, who has so lately lost his wife, Queen Mercedes, only eighteen years of age. His mother and grandmother, who preceded him upon the Spanish throne, still survive. Perhaps it may not be long before Spain rises again to the front rank of nations.

The Home Circle.

WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 8.

GIRL readers very frequently write us asking about the literary society of which our family are members. They want to know all about it, what they say and do, and what their performances are, and one little miss, says: "Do please tell us all about them; maybe it would suggest something new for our society in Blooming Grove."

Bless the girls! but we couldn't tell half we want to, not if Mr. Arthur would sit down and fold his hands, and tell Aunt Chatty to talk it out if it took all the space from the first clean, sweet page to the very last. There is no telling what we would do if we had all the room we want. After Flora Anderson's letter of inquiry, we went to the very next public society with sharpened pencil and made a note of a few little things which we thought would interest our girl readers. We are an honorary member of the society, and are always welcome. Indeed, to confess the truth, we know as much about the plans, and workings, and management of the society as the girls do, for how can we help it. We hear every word the dears say about it; we know who their officers are; what their performances are; when are the evenings of public society; how they plan to put the best productions forward, and all these things that you girl readers understand.

One night not long ago the band went up to the hall and serenaded them. Now the exercises were half over, but the band was invited in, and the monitor opened the book just as though it had not been done at all before, and began calling on the performers. Everything passed off well, and the gentlemen were delighted with the evening's entertainment. The president said the girls had never done so well at any previous meeting.

The evening we attended, the exercises consisted of essays, recitation, review, biographies, paper, fiction, parody, budget-box, lecture and discussion. We thought of you girls, who often say: "Oh, I wish we had something new; this old routine is growing dull! Wonder if other societies get along as we do?" Now, for your sakes, and to encourage you, we laid our hands very earnestly on a lot of the performances, just for you delectation. You must not criticize very closely, for not a girl ever thought of her performance blossoming out into fruit. Kitty Wilson's exercise was a bit of biography. You are all interested in Hannah More; everybody loves her, and this is what Kitty wrote.

"HANNAH MORE.

"As my eye ran over familiar names in search of one to choose for biography, the name I reverence—Hannah More—came up before me. One time I said to a friend: 'I am gathering autographs of distinguished people; have you any to give me?' He remembered my request, and on his return to his beautiful home in the sunny South he sent me a letter, and inside of it

was a note, written on coarse yellow paper, only a few lines, in the free, bold hand of that estimable author—that excellent woman—just these words:

"May 11th, 1790. Received of William Codell, twenty pounds on account. Hannah More."

"And this is one reason why I feel so deep an interest in her. Sometimes I dream, and wonder how looked the face that bent once for an instant over this bit of paper. It must have been a good face, and the eyes were no doubt beautiful. She was born near Bristol, England, in the year 1745. Her father was a village schoolmaster. She began to make verses when she was only old enough to rock the cradle, and sing:

'By O baby bunting, you papa's gone a-hunting.'

At an early age, under the idea that she was possessed of dramatic talent, she was introduced to Garrick and Burke, and she began to lay plans for the life of an actress. About this time she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion, and resigned her ambition, retired to the country, and busied herself with the composition of works of a serious and practical cast. She wrote many books—she was the special friend of young women, and some of her best works were written for them. Her poems were very beautiful, and many of them will live through all time. She was happy, and she ripened into a sweet, serene old age, and died at Clifton, September 7th, 1838.

"With feminine curiosity, we have sometimes wondered why Hannah More never married. Women in general do marry, perhaps because it is customary. At any rate she died, mourned and lamented by the world. We are sure this was far better than to have been mourned over by one, a bereft husband, who, mayhap, would have been perplexed, and thinking of himself as untended, uncared for, and wondering, 'who will take the place of Hanner?'"

The close of Kitty's performance came down upon us so suddenly that we laughed aloud. We had not thought of such a thing.

Lucy Flint had a sketch of a woman of our times that held attention, and gave great pleasure.

"HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"The subject of my sketch was born in the State of Connecticut, in the year 1812. Her mother died when she was not quite four years old. The little girl, Hattie, was very precocious. When she was only five years of age she could repeat over twenty hymns and two long chapters in the Bible. The first school she went to her father did not send her to learn, but wanted her to attend, merely to hear the recitations, and pick up what knowledge her capacity would admit of. She was a wild romp of a girl. Our former pastor, brother Stanley, went to school to her father at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he says Harriet would walk about mornings before the students with her night-cap on. Nearly all women of unusual talent or genius do not seem to understand the fitness and propriety of these little things. There was no harm in it, and for our own part we think student Stanley should have turned his gaze skyward, or should have looked after the bow-knots in his shoe-strings, just at such a time.

"Many of you girls have read her book called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It is one of the grandest books ever written by a woman. She never dreamed of the great work she was doing while she sat at the little pine-table in her kitchen writing it. It was a

work of inspiration. She was obeying a power that walked not on earth—she was the voice and the hand of one greater than herself, and blessed was she among women, that she was the chosen one to swing wide open the gate, and to send forth the messenger bearing the good tidings to the broken-down and the oppressed. We are told that she used to look up, and say to her husband: 'I do hope the book will come to enough to buy me a silk dress; you know I have always wanted one!'

"Why the new book brought enough, so say the knowing ones, to buy her tons of silk gowns. When the first edition was sold, the publishers gave her share of the proceeds—several thousand dollars—into the hands of her husband for him to carry to her. He had seen his wife writing day after day, he had looked up from his desk and away from the pages of his abstruse theology, and seeing her little brown hand skating over the white sheets of paper, gliding with only the rustling sound of the pen and the crisp slips of manuscript, but his wildest dreams had never imagined all of this.

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was Mrs. Stowe's greatest work; her very soul was in it. It is said that when she read the installments aloud to her little children—the most blessed critics that a literary woman could have—they cried and begged of her to permit Uncle Tom to live. She wept with them. Ah, me! we have all wept together over the one lack, but she said: 'He must die—he needs to die!' and though thousands of readers submitted to her judgment they did it with hearts touched with a sorrow that no soft words could heal.

"She was poor when she wrote on her rude pine-table in the wilds of Maine. She writes in a pretty library, now, that opens into a conservatory of plants, and vines, and flowers. Her singing-birds warble in gilded cages above her head, beautiful pictures surround her, and good books lie in heaps in her lovely home—the abode of ease and wealth. Long may she live to gladden the hearts of the young and the old with her exquisite stories! Mrs. Stowe belongs to us. She is ours to imitate, ours to love and ours to cherish."

I was very much pleased with this sketch of Mrs. Stowe, and I hope you girls will take a hint from it, when you see what pleasure and profit comes from a little research among books and papers, and—a quizzing of your minister.

The recitation was "England's Last Queen," and it was very well rendered indeed. The review was Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames' memorial of Alice and Phebe Carey, by one of my best girls. The fiction was very funny, and the parody on Maud Muller delighted us. But why not stop here and answer Flora's questions in full at another time by giving the parody, fiction, essays and review? Yes, and the budget-box, too. Very well—wait, and we will finish up the entertainment of that pleasant evening, for the benefit of literary societies in little villages or country school-houses. We hope you girls will be pleased to read all about the good times among the Wrinkles and the Dimples, in our cozy home at Millwood.

CHATTY BROOKS.

ALL lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature or "go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen buds. Cut your flowers then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

FOR THE "HOME CIRCLE."

WILL the dear sisters of the "Home" give a little space to a self-invited guest? A weary little teacher from a far-off Western village would greet the dear workers of the "Home," and thank them for the many, very many, words of sweet sympathy and wise counsel, and tell them how in the seven months of the year now growing old she has learned to love them. I would also thank the kind editor for giving us so good a magazine; may he live long and ever prove a beacon-light to guide the wayfarer safely over the shoals of temptation.

I have been the happy recipient of his monthly treasure for only seven months, but I think I shall never do without it again. It is mine to read and mine to lend, and it is "like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth." I highly prize the "Home Circle" with its earnest workers.

Lichen, may I send a few words from my many windows (a teacher's room must needs have many windows), to your one window? I should like to tell you, if I might, how glad I am to know of you, and of the desire to know you personally, and of the wish that I had words to express my appreciation of you and your loving messages. Your words in the July number of the "Home" struck a responsive chord in my heart. Why should the expressions of praise and appreciation be withheld from those who deserve them until the eye they would brighten is glazed, the heart they would cheer has become chilled, and whose burden they might lighten has been laid at the Father's feet? Why should they wait until they stand in the presence of the Master to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Praise honestly merited and cheerfully bestowed injures no one, and who can estimate the good such words have done for poor weary mortals.

If the editor will permit, I should like to tell Pipey how to take ink-stains from bleached or brown linen when acid and ammonia are not convenient. Dip the ink-spots in melted tallow; let them remain awhile; then rub with the hands; afterward wash in soapsuds and hot water—rinse well, and hang in the sun to dry. I have tried this several times with success.

NELLIE.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 43.

YESTERDAY I left my corner for a drive with a friend in the green woods once more. These drives are among the greatest treats which kind fortune brings me. The first two miles of our way lay through beautiful upland country, dotted all along with little farms of corn and cotton on either side the road. Here would be a hill, covered with a thick grove of oaks and undergrowth; there a shady dell was visible through an opening in the trees, through which, perhaps, a little brook wound its way. Then a gentle rise of ground, and on its summit a rustic log-cabin, with a hop-vine or flower-bean growing around the doorway, and corn and potatoes in the field close by.

After awhile we branched off into a road leading nearer to the river, and soon we were in the heart of the ancient forest. Noble old oaks, elms and cottonwoods, which have stood, how long no man can tell, and upon the gray trunks of many of them the trumpet-vines were clinging in thick masses, hanging their brilliant cups in the richest profusion I ever saw. Here a grape-vine ran riot over a clump of low

trees, and in little rills that wandered through some low spots, birds of bright plumage came down to drink. Sometimes, through an opening in the glade, we would see most beautiful spots for picnics, and once we had to stop for some minutes to admire a perfect arbor made by vines and tall shrubs.

How many scenes of the past each different scene and view brought to mind. In just such a spot we used to gather haws and huckleberries in the fall. On such a hillock grew the dogwood, whose snowy branches we brought home as trophies of the spring. One hill, with great flat rocks upon its summit, looked so much like the one on the old place where we used to live, and where I often went alone with my book to read or write for hours, sitting upon one of those mossy rocks, with the oak branches overhead. Sometimes half a dozen of us, girls and boys together, would go there for an afternoon walk, and eat nuts and have our merry talk. Then, in deep forest glades like these, we held picnics, swinging in the grape-vine branches, watching shining minnows in the tiny streams, crowning each other with garlands of green brier. "Oh, bright and sweet the days that are no more!"

We felt loth to leave the beautiful woods when the lengthening shadows reminded us it was time to return. On reaching home, I found something so pleasant awaiting me. A heavy little box, which had just been brought from the mail, and on being opened was found to contain a collection of geological specimens, rocks, minerals, quartz, curious petrifications, etc. What a feast it was to look over them. Some were so wonderful as well as beautiful. There was the most delicate tracery of something like the veins in moss agate, in dark pencilings on light gray rock. "Nature's photographing," they called it. It looked as if one could rub it out with a finger, yet was substantial as the rock itself. There were tiny shells imbedded in stone, beautiful ferns on dark slate, petrified buds of some kind of water-lily, and many odd things I could not describe. But most wonderful of all was a little flat piece of sandstone, with the perfect impression of an insect resembling a small bee upon its surface. Under a pocket-microscope its eye showed clear and distinctly, and all the little fibrous divisions running through its wings were plainly visible. How did it come there? Is there not a question for the study of profound minds? "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord of hosts! In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

And this was the gift of a friend far away, one whom I had never seen, but whose generous, sympathetic heart prompted her to give me this pleasure, because she knew I was fond of such things.

Is the world full of such hearts, ready to give crumbs of pleasure and "cups of cold water" to suffering ones? I hope so, and think so. Such things bring many a compensation for the hardness of an invalid's lot in some other respects. So many little pleasures and touching acts of kindness I have received, which I never would have known otherwise.

The closing of summer brings Floy home from a trip to Colorado. She is so frail and delicate-looking, that her anxious mother sent her off with an aunt who was going to that most delightful country, and she has returned with fresh roses in her cheeks, and a spring in her step delightful to see, and wonderful things to tell which make me long to visit such a country as she describes. Just fancy being comfortable in thick clothing, and walking as if on air, while here we have been sweltering through the long summer months. Living in sight of the per-

petual snow upon the adjacent mountains, with cool, bracing airs blowing through the valleys, giving strength to enfeebled frames, and a new zest for life to all.

Floy brought stereoscopic views of the grand, wild scenery of that region, which afforded us much enjoyment. Oh, the thought of riding or climbing among those mountain cañons, looking at the wonderful monuments of nature that are spread on every hand! The picture of one place, called Monument Park, filled me with amazement. It is almost incredible to believe that those gigantic columns of rock, found in such symmetrical shapes, are freaks of nature, instead of being made by the hand of man. Floy also brought a collection of curiosities in the way of specimens of fine rock, moss agate, quartz and petrifications, which were very interesting. She drank from a mineral spring, in which the soda-water boiled up equal to a fountain. She visited the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a huge basin, into which the rushing water falls, and rode up Pike's Peak on horseback, along the narrow trail, which in some places was only wide enough for one horse—a dangerous ascent—and when she reached the summit the atmosphere was so light she could not breathe without great pain; but she considered herself repaid by the grandeur of what she saw.

Her descriptions arouse in me an ardent desire to go there for the sake of all it might do for me, as well as the enjoyment of seeing such sights. If I might but walk among those scenes, and breathe that invigorating air, and drink those waters, would it not bring back health and strength faster than they can possibly come here? It is so slow a process now; it takes so much courage and patience to wait for it—knowing all the time, too, that *perhaps* it will never come. Yet we must have courage and patience to meet so many things in life. This is not harder than what many others have to bear. We must learn to "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." Only in this way shall we be able to "run with patience the race that is set before us."

"And like a cheerful traveler take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
'Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God.'"
LICHEN.

PANSIES.

I WISH the members of our "Home Circle" could have seen our pansy bed. I should like to have sent a great cluster of those flowers into Lichen's room, for I know that from their dear, sweet faces she would read lessons that she would send out to gladden many lonely hearts.

"Pansies for thoughts." And sweet, rare thoughts they bring to me as I watch their faces, that seem almost human in their expression. I look at the pale white and yellow ones—real child-faces they seem to me—and they take me back to childhood days again, and I roam the meadows and gather buttercups and dandelions, and am once more a child. And there come my blue ones and yellow, dashed with purple and crimson—childhood deepened into the fuller experience of riper years. I read hope and expectation on their upturned faces; but there is a touch of pain on the petals where the crimson and violet lie. And next I turn to the deeper and darker tints, and see there "pitiful faces fair"—faces from

which some of the joy of life has gone out, but which have been sweetened and purified by the pain—faces that are still lit up with smiles, and wear on the deep mourning of the violet a rim of gold. Last of all, I stoop and gather my darkest, most velvet of beauties, the violet and black pansies. So sadly I read their life-story of sorrow, and pain, and heart-breaking, of all earthly hopes and joys crushed out; but there is to them the light within that whispers of an inward peace which no sorrow can take away.

These are some of the thoughts my pansies tell me; but, more than that, they are "pansies' thoughts themselves. We are apt to forget, sometimes, in the infinitude of forms of life, that each tiny flower is a thought of God. No wonder that David exclaimed: "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great also is the sum of them." And down through the years float these lines of Horace Smith:

"Thy voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From lowliest nook."

Can we help reading from these books what God intended us to read—hints of the "better country," where no flower blooms to die, but where immortal life—which we cannot realize here—will be given us, and believe as the poet says:

"If Thou, in Thy great love for us,
Doth scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours,
What nobler glory shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining Heaven,
Set round with golden towers?"

MINNIE CARLTON.

SEEING THE BEST OF PEOPLE.

I DO believe, auntie, if I were to strike you, you would make some excuse for me!"
"I know what she would say," spake quiet, book-loving, orderly little Willie; "she would say, 'I guess she didn't mean to hurt me.'"

We laughed, for we all knew how often auntie had to say that to Willie. For Willie, delicate and sensitive as a girl, often suffered both bodily and mental pain from his rougher brothers and playmates. But his mother used to speak lightly of the matter to him, though I well knew how often the rougher boys were "talked to" in private.

Auntie's eyes twinkled as she replied: "You'd better not try it, Missie!" And then she added, gravely: "You will find, as you grow older, it is always best to judge others kindly. Don't see the worst of people. Look only at the good there is in them."

"But suppose there is no good in some?" I asked.

"Don't say that, child," she answered. "I have lived longer than you, and I have found more good than bad folks in my life."

"That's only because you make excuses for everybody, mother," broke in Willie, again. "I don't believe there is one bit of good in Dan Tucker."

"Don't say that, my son. Dan has had no home, no kind influences about him. What kind of boys would mine be in his place, I wonder?"

"It's no use talking with you, auntie; you would make us believe everybody angels, if you could."

"Everybody has the making of an angel in him if he will only believe it," auntie said.

"O auntie!" "O mother!" we shouted.

"Yes," stoutly replied auntie, "and you and I must do our part in helping the good work along. Surely we *don't* help by continually looking at the bad there is in them, or by putting the worst motive to them. Run along, children, and remember love hopeth all things."

Those after-dinner talks about Auntie F—'s table, how they helped us to grow better men and women—the quiet, pleasant woman, who seldom went from her own fireside, yet who found time to read, to talk with us and hear all our troubles. How her influence kept us cheerful and brave.

I am older now than Auntie F— was then, yet I have found her words true. In honest truth, without pride, I say that I believe it is more natural to me now to see the good there is in people than the bad. I believe it is true, too, largely to that good woman's influence over me, when I was just beginning life for myself. For I was then the district "schoolmarm," teaching my first school, impulsive, quick-tempered. I *know now* that the reason I got on so well was owing

to the blessed home influence exerted over me so quietly. I never knew it then, but am thanking God for it *now* every day of my life. Plenty of good-natured gossip went round our table every day, but no unkindness or uncharitableness was allowed.

To-day it hurts me to hear evil of any one. Yea, more when I have met one with whom I am pleased, and another tells me some fault he has, I feel worse toward the informant than to the other. "The *best* of people." Why can't we remember it of them when we *have* to see and know the worst? That *worst* which, maybe, the poor sinner himself mourns over more than we know for.

"Called to be saints," all of us. Are we helping the matter along any when we judge harshly and coldly another? "Called to be saints!" Brave old words that have strengthened me many a day. O sister women, struggling along with household cares, won't the words help you, too? Called to be housewives, mothers; called to bear poverty, sorrow and loss; but, "Called to be saints." VARA.

Evenings with the Poets.

SONNET.

UPON God's throne there is a seat for me,
My coming forth from Him hath left a space
Which none but I can fill. One sacred place
Is vacant till I come, Father! from Thee
When I descended here to run my race,
A void was left in Thy paternal heart,
Not to be filled while we are kept apart,
Yea, though a thousand worlds demand Thy care.

Though Heaven's vast host Thy constant blessings
OWN,

Thy quick love flies to meet my feeble prayer;
As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone
In endless space; but Thou and I were there,
And Thou embraced me with a love as wild
As the young mother bears toward her first-born child.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in!
'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came
to comfort me;
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit;
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers; most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,

One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third
I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children
entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him
yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at monthly meeting
first we met;
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should
be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—
than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one
long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called
away;
And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days
that come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to
know
If I had heard the Spirit right, that told me I should
go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that
day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best
to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke
again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou
shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said, I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the
least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth
we lost,
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see
her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a
hiring priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one,
at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old
as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? Once I felt tempta-
tion nigh!
My wedding gown was ashen silk, too simple for my
taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the
waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the
women's side.
I did not dare to lift my eyes; I felt more fear than
pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and
then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the
same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed
no sign.
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in
mine;
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his
for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee, too, hast been
a wife.

As home we rode I saw no fields look half so green
as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full
of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was
kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon
my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner
spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the
head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she
stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're
gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes
best,
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His
rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I
see:
For Benjamin has two in Heaven, and two are left
with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call, in
truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to
daughter Ruth;
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young
people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old
ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the
simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was
young;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her
of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too
much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with
grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely
face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will
look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth; she's anxious I
should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I
know;
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be
resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing
mind.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MY MARINER.

OH, he goes away singing,
Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing,
Joy and himself to me!
Down through the rosemary hollow
And up the wet beach I ran,
My heart in a flutter to follow
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting
Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, flitting
And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a free heart bounding
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the lazy land.
I have wedded an ocean rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet over the waves come over,
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!
Hark to it, heart; up and after!
Off to the harbor side;
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;
And ho! for a sail in sight!
LUCY LARCOM, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is a work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOW AUNT HETTY MANAGES.

WE call her Aunt Hetty, though her name is Hester, or maybe Esther. She is father's uncle's second wife, and she makes long visits among the relatives, and, as old Betty Martin said of her great glaring bunch of fiery marigolds at the back door, she "pays her way all the time." There is hardly a day in which we do not learn something from the dear soul. The art of economizing that these old Yankee ladies have is most marvelous. You can hardly drive one into a difficulty in which she cannot find a way out of it. And though this article may not quite come under the caption at its head, we will warrant the women readers will be pleased with it, especially those who work with their hands, aided by brain work, or those who sometimes feel the need of more—more—well, Aunt Hetty would call it "gumption."

Well, when we cleaned house in the spring, the carpet in my room, a cheap ingrain, was taken up, and the family all said: "That will never do to use any more; we can take it to make covers for the horses in winter; or it will answer to spread over the potato-barrels to keep the light out. At any rate, it has paid its way well. Three years of very familiar usage is long enough for a piece of cheap carpet."

But auntie put on her glasses, and took-up a little nip with her thumb and fingers, and rubbed it, and held it up to the light, and then rubbed it again, and squinted and said: "La suz! Now, gals, I'd make that web o' carpit last three times as long, see 'f I wouldn't neow. There's mighty good pickin' in that engrain, for all the red's run inter the yellow, and the yellow inter the green, and the black's teched all the other colors som'at. But—but, la suz! me an' hubby 'd 'a' run that carpit years an' years arter you'd 'a' gi'n it up as good for nothin', see 'f we wouldn't neow, gals."

So we let Aunt Hetty plan her way, and we want to tell you how she managed.

The carpet would not bear a thorough washing, so we laid it in a tub and poured over it hot water, in which was dissolved a lump of borax and an ounce of sugar of lead. We let it lie awhile, pressing it down, and turning it over occasionally, that the water might penetrate through and through. Then the strips were folded lengthwise, and the carpet put through the wringer, without rubbing or twisting it out of shape. This treatment made it clean.

When dry, it was smoothed out nicely and cut into narrow strips, crosswise, and made into a very nice filling for a new web of narrow stair-carpet. Aunt had the entire management of it. The chain cost but a trifle; the filling hid it entirely when woven well; and we wish we could tell you what that strange, pretty web resembles. Father says it reminds him of a mat of moss after the frost has touched it in October. Cousin Ann says it looks like a rare shawl that her French teacher wore at seminary—a mixture of green, and gray, and gold, with a hint of snow and frost, and the tint of dead leaves, all together blended. It is really rare and pretty. The borax cleaned it, and the sugar of lead kept the colors from fading.

It did us good to see Hester stand with her hands resting on her hips, her head sidewise, looking up

our kitchen stairs so satisfied and so gratified over her own handiwork. We resolved then to tell the women of the HOME about this cute arrangement through Pipesey or Chatty, but that is such a tedious way to get somebody to toot your horn for you, when you can do your own tooting.

We thought our old auntie was wonderful wise, too, the other day. One of our neighbor's girls over the hill was going to a picnic. Her share of the dinner was to be a couple of nice roast chickens. Each girl knew what she was to provide, and the chickens fell to Etta Lewis's share. Her mother told her to catch them off the roost at night, put them in a barrel, and then by rising early the next morning she could very easily get them ready in time. In the night the dog heard the rattling and the whimpering, and, thinking it was rats, he tipped the barrel over and the chickens escaped. The boys had gone to the other farm to work before Etta found out about the chickens, and there was no one to shoot any for her; the dog had gone with the boys, and poor Etta couldn't run one down with her hair all put up in curlers and crimps, and she was sitting on the porch crying when old auntie came round the corner of the house suddenly, her petticoats lifted carefully out of the dew, and her glasses pushed back on her old gray head.

"La suz! dear, what's the matter?" said she, shaking out her skirts.

Etta told her with sobs.

"Never mind, hon-y," was the consoling answer; "we'll study up something else."

"No," said the poor girl, "there is nothing else: the chickens were to be my share."

"Who furnishes the hot coffee?" said Hester.

"Oh, no one. You know it is such a trouble to have coffee, nobody ever thinks of it."

"Well, you will furnish the coffee, Etta, instead of the two pesky chickens, and it shall be the best thing on the grounds. Just leave that to me," said Aunt Hester, as she smoothed down her apron and began to make plans.

And this was the way she did. We give it for the benefit of others similarly situated; for how many times girls wish they could carry something that would give zest to the repast. Coffee prevents those dreadful spells of headache that are the bane and the dread of these otherwise delightful occasions.

Auntie took the iron tea-kettle and rubbed it off well with a dry rag, while Etta ground the coffee, and, according to directions, put it into a coarse, white flannel bag, allowing it plenty of room. The allowance in making it was this: a heaping tablespoonful of the ground coffee for every pint that was to be made, and one spoonful for the pot. That is the usual allowance in making good coffee. Auntie said they would drink a pint apiece on an average, that is, two cupfuls each. The tea-kettle was to be hung on a stout bit of a stick, one end on a stump and the other end on any convenient contrivance that came handy. The coffee to be left in it, in the woolen bag, when boiled, to prevent boiling over and wasting, and to save the clearing of it. Good cold water to be obtained from a brook or spring.

Now they permitted Aunt Hester to have her own way, and Etta obeyed her directions to the very letter. And such coffee! and such praise! You never heard

the like! The girl said afterward she was glad the chickens did get out of the barrel.

The iron tea-kettle was no trouble after it was wrapped up in a heavy brown paper and tucked under the seat in the carriage. The cream was put into a flask, and the sugar in a paper sack, and the teacups, without handles, with a piece of paper between them, were very easily carried.

Coffee made thus in a tea-kettle can be cleared by pouring some out of the spout, returning and adding a teacupful of cold water. That will clear it quite well.

Only yesterday, when we said we needed a new tin basin, auntie piped out: "Why don't you sell them broken taller cakes to the peddlers, and take your pay in notions?"

We replied that we had tried so often to put that tallow in shape for sale, but every time the cakes adhered to the bottom of the kettle and came out broken.

She asked to shape them ready for sale, and she accomplished it nicely by filling the kettle half full of boiling water in with the tallow. When cold, a knife was circled round the edge of the cake, the kettle tipped sidewise on the clean grass, and the shapely cake of tallow came out with the water, nice and hard and yellow, ready to exchange for shiny tin-ware or any "Yankee notions" we chose to purchase. Oh, I wish there were cute, wise, observing, loving aunties like Hetty in all your homes!

ROSELLA RICE.

RECIPES.

SAVORY OMELET.—Take one or more eggs and break them carefully, putting the yelks into one basin and the whites into another; beat them up separately; chop some parsley fine, also some shallot; beat them into the yelks with a little pepper and salt, then add the whites and beat altogether for a minute or two, and pour it into a pan that has previously had some good lard melted in it. While it fries, keep on scraping it into the middle with a fork, and the moment it is set take it off, or a leathery skin will form. It can be served with a gravy if wished, but is usually sent up without any.

POTATO CROQUETS.—Boil three or four potatoes, mash them through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon, add one ounce of butter, the yolk of an egg, season with pepper and salt, whip the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir half of it in. Now form

into little balls, dip into an egg beaten up, roll in bread-crumbs. Have ready a pan of fat at boiling-point, put the little balls into a frying-basket, so that they only just touch each other, plunge them into the fat, and let them stay until a golden brown color (chopped chicken added to the potato makes croquets of chicken), drain and serve hot.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—One quart of milk; three beaten eggs; one dozen ears of corn grated; one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar and a little salt; bake in a covered pudding-dish one hour.

ROACH POISON.—Equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder and powdered colocynth, well-mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with these troublesome insects, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge.

TO WASH WOOLENS.—Take one tablespoonful of pulverized borax dissolved in hot water, mix in one-half pint soft soap, make a suds of cold water sufficient to cover the blankets, let them stand over night, pound or rub them in the morning, rinse in cold water three or four times, stretch and hang up; they will be as soft and white as new.

HINTS.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage-meat improves the flavor.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get oil off of any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease-spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

In autumnal fabrics, and their making-up, the fashionable tendency still seems to be in favor of combining two materials. With very few variations, we still see plain goods trimmed with brocades, figured satins and velvets, and Pekins, appearing in vests, revers, collars, cuffs, pockets and facings. One suit usually displays two colors, such as purple and old gold, cream and garnet, black and cardinal, etc. One advantage of such a fancy is that it affords an opportunity for effective remodeling. For early fall days, an appropriate costume may be made of one of the pretty foulard silks, these coming in maroon,

dark blue and cream, sprinkled with small polka dots in a contrasting hue. Or of fine, dark bunting, garnished with dotted satin. Any dressy toilet may be adorned, according to taste, with a profusion of bright loops and bows, pearl or garnet clasps and buckles, and cascades of Torchon or Breton lace.

The panier effect in drapery is with us again in its full force. We have overskirts and polonaises open in front, exceedingly *bouffant* at the back and sides, and very short all around. Garments of this description are usually worn with short, plain skirts. We noticed a quiet, elegant costume, made in this fashion, which we admired very much. The underskirt was of black striped satin, simply finished with a hem,

and the polonaise was of black satin-striped grenadine, having a deep point on each side, a third point in the back, deeper and wider, being made up of large puffs. The stripes in the lower skirt were about a quarter of an inch wide, those in the upper nearly an inch and a half. Belt, cuffs and bows were of plain black satin.

Long overskirts and polonaises, as well as single-trimmed walking-skirts, are also very full in the back, abounding in elaborate drapery. Several new models of the two first-mentioned garments have short fronts—or long ones made so by being laid in deep, horizontal plaits—and long backs. Walking-skirts appear with deep flounces around the bottom, over which is a succession of puffs, sashes, bands and bows, or drapery arranged to simulate an overskirt. These are valuable, not only on account of their convenient adjustment and dressy appearance, but also because they admit of an equable disposal of weight.

New basques and wraps also display in the back of their skirts this panier effect. One elegant mantilla before us resembles a dolman cut perfectly round, and having short, square-pointed sleeves or wings set in separately from the garment, the lower edge falling parallel to its hem. These pieces are fastened into the two side-back seams plainly to the waist, and then are caught together in plaits over the tournure, and finished with loops and bows of ribbon. This—called the *panier* wrap—is the only one that differs materially from the many varieties of dolman that have been worn the last few seasons.

Cloth coats show a decided disposition to continue the plain, neat appearance of gentlemen's coats. They are fitted tightly, or only half so, but in both cases display no more trimming than the smooth, flat braid and buttons. Long coats are to be retained for the present, but the fancy now is decidedly in favor of short, boyish-looking garments, of the order of the English walking-jacket. Basques, whether meant for indoor or outdoor wear, invariably open to display a contrasting vest.

In hats we have little new, other than slight modifications of styles already worn. One that we notice is a half-bonnet, of which the front resembles a low walking-hat, and the back terminates in a long square, to which are attached the strings. Another displays a round crown and a very flaring brim in front. The favorite materials are Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet, combined with silk, feathers or flowers of the Leghorn tint of yellow, and plain black chip. Light felt is also appearing, to be lined with velvet to match the suit with which it is worn, while the demand for ornaments of jet, gilt, silver and garnet still reigns. Garniture for hats may be regulated largely according to individual taste, but the touches of bright color should appear mainly in the flowers, such as gay poppies, autumn leaves, Jacqueminot roses, etc. Long plumes, of a quiet hue, wreathed round the crown of a hat of which the only other trimming is a facing of velvet, are always in order; and so, too, are wings, heads and breasts of beautiful birds.

New Publications.

TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS.

From the New York National Temperance Society and Publication House, we have "Beer as a Beverage," an address by Rev. G. W. Hughey, A. M., of St. Louis, delivered in reply to the annual address of the president of the "United States Brewers' Association." Mr. Hughey, in referring to the congress of brewers, said:

"This association, with a capital, as stated by our mayor in his address of welcome, of three hundred million dollars invested in its work, and paying an annual revenue of ten million dollars to the Government, is a great power, socially, morally and politically. The question is, Is it a power for good, or is it a power for evil? Such money-power, into whichever scale it is cast, must exert an incalculable influence upon society.

"Our mayor, from his high position as the chief magistrate of our city, in his address of welcome, threw the whole weight of his personal and official influence on the side of beer, declaring that it is 'one of the cheapest and most wholesome beverages known to the use of man.' He says also: 'The breweries furnish a refreshing stimulant at a price so cheap, that it is within the reach of all classes, and this fact enables them to exercise a beneficial influence on popular health and habits.' Such a declaration as this could be honestly made only on the ground of the profoundest ignorance on the part of the man who made it, both as to the physical effects of beer upon those who use it, and the social effects it has upon the community which patronize it."

To let such declarations, coming as they did from the highest civil functionary in the city of St. Louis,

pass without challenge and refutation, would have been little less than criminal on the part of the advocates of temperance. But they were not suffered to pass unchallenged, either by press or pulpit and in the address before us we have an instance of their complete refutation. Beer is neither nutritious nor wholesome, as analysis and living results show, and its use is steadily lowering the standard of health, lessening the brain power and benumbing the moral sense of the people. Let the social and industrial condition of Bavaria stand as a warning against national beer-drinking.

From the same Publication House we have three sixteen-page "Temperance Concert Exercises" They are entitled "The Contrast," "The Fruits Thereof," and "Scripture Characters." Also "One-page Handbill Tracts," from No. 23 to 30, which are sold at one dollar per thousand. The titles of these eight tracts are: "How I Would Paint a Bar-room," "Sentence of Saloon-keepers," "Charles Lamb to Young Men," "Beware of the Bar-room," "Foundation Principles," "John Wesley on the Liquor-Traffic," "Thirty Reasons for the Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquor," "The Difference in Wine."

The Literature Committee of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union have also commenced to issue a series of one-page handbills upon various topics which are prominent in the work of the women. The following, entitled "The Beer Series," have already been published: No. 1. "A Crusade Against Beer;" No. 2. "What is Malt Liquor?" No. 3. "What Brewers Think about Beer;" No. 4. "What! Deprive a Poor Man of his Beer?"

No. 5. "What Beer Costs." No. 6. "What have You to Show for it?" These are published for the Union by the National Temperance Society at one dollar per thousand, and can be ordered, same as the above publications, of J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

After years of persistent work, the International Sunday-school Convention has yielded to the solicitation of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union for a quarterly lesson in the regular series, and the Sunday-school Lesson Committee of the Union is now regularly preparing "Union Lesson Leaves" for the thirteenth Sunday of every quarter. Specimens and supplies of these Lesson Leaves can be had by addressing Miss Julia Coleman, Chairman of the S. S. Lesson Committee, 298 Eighth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

"The Story of Redeeming Love" and "The Christian's Journey," by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, are sixteen-page "Concert Exercises," issued by the American Temperance Publishing House, 29 Rose Street, New York.

FROM LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Webster as a Master of English Style. By Edwin P. Whipple. One large octavo volume. 772 pages. Price \$3.00. The great speeches and orations of Mr. Webster have been accessible heretofore only in the six-volume edition of his works edited by Edward Everett, the price of which has necessarily limited their circulation. The American public will therefore hail with pleasure the appearance of this collection, in one comparatively cheap, but elegant volume of the masterpieces of oratory which, during a period of over thirty years of our political history, were the

surprise and admiration of Mr. Webster's countryman.

To the younger men of our day, few of whom know anything of Mr. Webster's speeches beyond the extracts found in newspapers and readers, this volume will open a world of profound thought on all the great questions of statesmanship which lie at the basis of our government. Here we have the noble speech on "The Constitution and the Union," delivered in the United States Senate, March 7th, 1850. The oration on "Adams and Jefferson," given in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2d, 1826. "The Reply to Haine," United States Senate, January 26th and 27th, 1830. "The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States," United States Senate, July 11th, 1832. "Reply to Mr. Calhoun," United States Senate, March 2nd, 1838; besides nearly fifty other speeches and addresses made between the years 1818 and 1851. "The fact that the subjects are such as not now to excite party criticism, only gives them the more value as noble and permanent specimens of statesmanlike statement, argument and eloquence. In respect to mere diction, the volume commends itself to every young student and professional man as a model of style—clear, terse, strong, bright, inspiring. Every word which Webster uses is thoroughly alive with the forces of his mind and character. However vehemently men may have disagreed with his opinions, nobody ever questioned the fact that he so understood the art of writing English that his place is among the foremost of the prose-writers of the United States."

Mr. Whipple's introductory essay on "Webster as a Master of English Style," is a fine critical analysis of the elements which make his speeches so readable. On the title-page is presented a portrait of Webster as a young man, and facing it a new and admirable engraving of the great statesman as he appeared in his later years. Few books that have recently appeared are more worthy to be read and studied by the young men of nation than this.

Literary and Personal.

WHEN Longfellow visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, the servants crowded on the stairway and in the lobbies to get a view of him. On the queen asking them, the next day, why this compliment was paid to the poet, she was told they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children, and knowing the lines nearly by heart, they longed to see the man that wrote them.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, having learned that a lecture bureau had circulated a card naming him as a lecturer now dead, has written a note to the *Boston Advertiser*, in which he says: "As to my being dead, I cannot but think this is a mistake. The study of science suggests extreme caution about matters of fact. But, so far as my own observations extend, I find reason to believe that I am alive. My friends also seem to think so. You must not think me dogmatic if—failing stronger evidence than I yet possess to the contrary—I decline to accept, unhesitatingly, the theory that I am no longer living."

M. DE LESSEPS, the Panama ship canal enthusiast, although seventy-three years of age, is proud of his athletic performances. He eats little, drinks less, smokes three cigars a day and is fond of fruit.

ONE of the Russian Grand Dukes is married to a German girl of humble birth. "Society" at Moscow snubbed her. So the other day the Grand Duke caused a hotel where many ladies of "society" were accustomed to sup with their admirers to be surrounded by the police. The ladies were called upon to give their names and their addresses, and then their husbands were sent for to identify them.

HENRY OSBORNE, a quiet citizen of Milwaukee, who died recently from the effects of an accident, disclosed before his death the fact that Osborne was an assumed name, and that he was the Henry Whittemore who some fifteen years ago made world-wide fame as "the fire king." He made and spent a fortune and died poor.

SPEAKING of Newport a letter-writer says: "There is always more than a dash of the literary element in the society of this place. Newport is favorable to literary work, or rest from such work. There is no dreamier nook for a student anywhere than the Redwood library, and the residence here of such men as Higginson, Calvert, and such women as 'Susan Coolidge,' with some score or more of lesser celebrities, gives a literary atmosphere to the place."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the newspapers writes: "Driving to the Saratoga fair grounds, and taking the road to the right, we soon came to the beautiful valley known as the Valley of the Ten Springs. A charming little cottage attracts the attention, and we are told that Miss Smiley, the Quaker preacher, lives there. Quite a steep descent from the rear of the house extends directly to the valley, and this slope is dotted with bright geraniums and foliage plants. The view of the cottage from the opposite side of the valley is even finer than a front view. There is no house near to destroy the effect, and it stands there in its perfect neatness and simple architectural beauty like a natural feature of the landscape. Miss Smiley lives here alone with her servants during the summers, and to gratify the interest of the public she consents to receive a few visitors on Thursdays. The interior of her house is as perfect as the exterior, and has been appropriately called a little bandbox. A short distance from the

cottage is the residence of Mr. Lawrence, the owner of the valley and the springs. Mr. Lawrence gave Miss Smiley her choice of building lots, and she selected this quiet spot, under the shade of two large trees, and from whence one has the finest view of the valley, and woods and hills beyond."

MRS. FLETCHER, the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," looks about twenty, but is said to be twenty-three. She lives in Rome, is very pretty and has a profusion of blonde hair.

CHARLES DICKENS' "Miss Havisham," was, like most of his characters, taken from real life. The original is still living at Ventnor. Her mother broke off a love affair for her, and the then young lady said she would go to bed and never get up again. For twenty years the house has not been swept, the garden has been overgrown, and the lady still lies abed.

Notes and Comments.

An American College in Turkey.

ACCOMPANYING an illustration in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE will be found some notice of Robert College, an American institution of learning at Constantinople; also an account of a visit made to the institution by Hon. William H. Seward on the Fourth of July, 18—, while on his voyage "Round the World."

In addition to the facts already given, we have, in the following highly interesting letter to the Secretary of the Navy, from Commander Farquhar of the U. S. ship Quinnebaug, now stationed at Constantinople, a full account of the present condition and prosperity of the college. He says:

"The college was founded sixteen years ago by Mr. Robert, a gentleman of New York, recently deceased. Since then, however, although it has received several gifts from Mr. Robert and other Americans, it has been self-sustaining, and has rapidly increased in popularity and usefulness. Its students number at present about two hundred, with a prospect of increased attendance next year. The President, Dr. Washburne, is a gentleman of broad culture and great executive ability, who, in common with the other members of the faculty, most of whom are Americans, occupies an enviable position among the foreign residents of this community. No distinction of race or religion is recognized as a condition of admission to the college, Mohammedans sharing its benefits equally with Christians of all creeds. The course of instruction is principally in English, but the native language, modern Greek, Armenian, Turkish and Slavic form an important part of the curriculum. Much attention is given to mathematics and sciences, an excellent philosophical laboratory forming one of the most interesting features of the institution. The classics, history and modern European languages are also taught. Thus far the Turks seem to have been behind their neighbors and subjects, the Bulgarians, Slavs and others in availing themselves of the advantages of the institution, but it seems probable that this will not long continue to be the case, as the high character of the college and its officers, and, perhaps, still more, the positions

taken by its graduates, can hardly fail in time to overcome even Mohammedan prejudice—particularly as it is avowedly non-sectarian and makes no attempt to convert its students, aiming rather at the spread of general intelligence than the diffusion of special religious views. The excellent work already accomplished is shown by the fact that ten graduates of the college are among the members of the recently elected Bulgarian Assembly—a fact which points suggestively to the important part which this institution may play in the future of the nations which seem likely to arise in this part of Europe from the breaking up of the Turkish Empire.

"The commencement exercises were of a nature to confirm and increase the pride with which, as Americans, we had already viewed this singular reproduction of American institutions upon a despotic soil. The orations of the graduating class which, with a few exceptions, were in English, would have done no discredit to our colleges at home, which is certainly surprising, when it is remembered that the students enter the college unable to speak a word of our language. The presentation of the diplomas conferring the degree of bachelor of arts upon the graduates was made the occasion of a brief address by the President, who stated that the college had never before been so prosperous as at present, and that its field of usefulness seemed rapidly widening. The only similar institution in this part of the Turkish Empire is one on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus for the education of native women, which is also American in its origin and management. Although somewhat less pretentious than Robert College, it occupies a similar position in public esteem, and in a quiet way is accomplishing a work of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance. The gratification we have felt in the sight of these institutions, founded by American philanthropy, conducted by American genius and diffusing the knowledge of American institutions with the learning those institutions represent in a land so far removed from ours in position and sentiment, I am sure will be shared by yourself, and I am happy to have this opportunity of bringing to your official notice institutions so well deserving of recognition and encouragement."

The Meretricious in Art.

IN these days of universal love of the truly beautiful, we need to be cautious as to whether our admiration of certain objects is at all well-founded. For the mania for decoration oftentimes shows itself in ways new and strange, if not indeed lacking in propriety.

For instance, we frequently behold gorgeous candles, painted with sprays of roses and lilies. Worse than this, we find them as the foundation of ambitious efforts in scrap-pictures. Now, a moment's thought ought to convince any one that a candle was made to be burned, consequently, unless the result of patient effort is to be destroyed, the candle must be perverted from its legitimate use. We see, also, gas-jets starting from the hearts of flowers—and we all know that flame withers and scorches real blossoms. No distortion of nature can be true art.

A writer in a recent number of the *Art Interchange* calls attention to the objectionable use of the horse-shoe. As an article of honest iron, a symbol of good luck, it was all well enough—but now it appears, in shape, but not solidity, in a bewildering array of light materials—wood, glass, clay, and even paper—at all places and seasons. And the substantial, old-fashioned flat-iron is also wrested from its original signification. Frequently may it be seen, made of wood so light that a breath seemingly would blow it away—an iron, by nature, is heavy. Upon the bottom, which ought to be perfectly smooth unless the article is useless, appears a bunch of flowers, which the fire would shrivel into ashes.

If you would understand and appreciate art, keep in mind here, as well as in other directions, "the fitness of things."

"WOMAN'S WORDS" is doing a good work for woman, encouraging, as it does, her educational, social, political and business advancement. A recent number of this excellent periodical contains a fine sketch of that heroic worker, Miss Emma Abbott, written by Grace Greenwood. It is interesting to learn of at least one *prima donna*, who, faithful to her Christian principles refused to sing in *Traviata*, declaring that she could not take any role in which vice was made attractive. She kept bravely on, in spite of opposition and ridicule, well aware that she was risking all future success, as well as the advantages she had already achieved by her earnest toil. But she has her reward in her present triumph. Published by Mrs. Juan Lewis, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. One dollar per year.

A Large Factor in Crime.

REFERRING to the increase of crime in this country, and to the various active causes, the *Philadelphia Press* says:

"There is no doubt that the immense sale of alcoholic liquors, their immoderate use, and their poisonously adulterated character, is another fruitful cause of the most savage murders. In the lower class of rum-shops, liquor is sold of such villainous quality that it sets the brain on fire, inflames the passions to fury, and in a few minutes converts a reasonable being into a madman. If the drugged liquors retailed at three cents a glass in such places are analyzed, they will be found to be composed of ingredients which, drank separately and in a pure state, would cause instant death. Sailors and others drinking these fiery liquids, though friends a few minutes before, are converted into implacable enemies, quar-

rel and fight with each other, and in the heat of their passion wound or kill one another on the spot. These cheap liquors are generally sold in unlicensed grogeries, which might all be suppressed if the police did the full measure of their duty. The habitual use of ardent spirits is not safe for any one, rich or poor. It has a tendency to grow into an incurable habit and into immoderate abuse. When this takes place, the whole character of a man becomes changed. He can be no longer depended on in his business, he neglects his private affairs and he loses respect for himself and affection for his wife and children. His life will terminate either in social misery or in crime. The friends of temperance are really the best friends of order, law and morality."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., send us "The Fair Little Maiden;" also, "The Silver Cup;" two well made songs, one merry, the other classic. Also, a beautiful sacred song by *Guglielmo*, "The Shadow of the Rock." We find also a Polonaise, one of a set called "Mignon," for little hands and fingers. There is also a charming Transcription by *Dorn*, "The Chorister," and a lively "Hunting Song" for piano by *Foerster*.

From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, we have, "Plant Sweet Flowers on my Grave." And from George D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, "Sleep, my Little One," an evening lullaby, and "Baby's Dimple," a morning song, the words by J. G. Holland. Also, "I'm Coming, my Darling, to Thee," a song and chorus; "Sea-shore Cottage Waltzes," and "A Musical Surprise."

Publishers' Department.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

MORE reports of cases, showing the great value of the COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT as a curative agent in nearly all forms of chronic diseases, will be found on the fourth cover page of this number of our magazine. In regard to these "Reports of Cases," let us say that Drs. Starkey & Palen have submitted for our examination all the letters from which the published extracts were made, and we can therefore indorse them as true in every particular. There is no longer any doubt as to the remarkable action of this new Treatment, which is rapidly extending in all parts of the country. Many physicians are now using it in cases which had baffled all their previous efforts to cure, and with singular success.

THE DOVER EGG-BEATER, advertised in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, is said to work wonders in the kitchen. Read the advertisement. You may find this article just the thing you want.

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For interest, excellence and typographical beauty, and for all that goes to make up a magazine for the homes of the people, the publishers claim for the HOME MAGAZINE a leading position among periodicals of its class. Their steady aim has been not only to improve it year by year, but to bring it as near as possible to the common life and heart of its readers. It does not reflect fashionable society; is not an organ of the *élite*; and has no sympathy with literary dilettanteism. While ignoring the frivolous, the aimless and the vicious, and everything that can depress public morals, or make light of virtue, it seeks to give its readers, month after month, a literary entertainment that is rich, and varied, and full of instruction, delight and refreshment. It is as pure in its illustrations as in its literary matter; nothing will be found in its pages that can offend delicacy, or deprave the imagination.

As such, we offer it to the people, and ask for it a place in our American homes.

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A New Treatment for the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Vitalization.

REPORT OF CASES.

CASE No. 20.

This case of *chronic pneumonia*, as will be seen by what follows, had advanced so far that we could not, as conscientious physicians, offer the patient anything but a faint hope of a cure in the use of Compound Oxygen. The Treatment was ordered, however, and the result is given in the following letter from the lady's husband, dated June 22d, 1879:

"In your pamphlet of directions, you request a report once in three weeks. Our three weeks are up; so I will do so briefly. I suppose you keep a record; if not, you will call to mind the case—the one in Toledo, for which you did not send the Compound Oxygen when first ordered, replying frankly that Mrs. H— was too sick a woman for you to be able to promise a cure. * * * I have followed your directions as nearly as possible. Have left off all the medicines and stimulants my wife was taking, and the result of our Treatment so far has been more satisfactory than anything preceding it. *She has been able to sleep good at night without the use of chloral, a thing she could never do before.* I think her case is not fairly *tuberculosis*, but *chronic pneumonia*; * * * think there is no breaking down of the lung tissue as yet. When she commenced your Treatment, her right lung was in a fair condition, but the left lung was pretty much solid—nothing but a little bronchial breathing. Her breathing capacity has steadily increased from the start. When she first commenced, could hardly raise a bubble in the Inhaler—now can make it bubble a good fair length of time. I can discover, also, with the ear, that quite a considerable air is getting into the small cells." * * *

CASE No. 21.

The promptness with which Compound Oxygen acts in *throat and lung diseases* is very remarkable. Mrs. ALICE A. DANIELS, of Ramsey's Station, Alabama, sends us, without solicitation, and for publication, a statement of the results of its use in her case, in order, as she says, that "it may be the means of causing some sufferer to resort to your remedy, and find the relief that I have found." Her communication is dated July 28th, 1879. In it she says:

"In the spring of 1878 I took a severe cold, which prostrated me at once. I had the services of a good physician, but, despite all his efforts, my disease terminated in a *chronic affection of the lungs*. I was confined to my bed and the house for about two months, taking medicine all the while. I commenced improving in the summer; got so I could walk about the yard, and to see my nearest neighbor, not more than half a mile away. I could do some light work, but not much. I had a cough all the while, which at times was very bad, especially when I took fresh cold. I was so easy to take cold, that I was afraid to go out of doors, or expose myself to the slightest breeze.

"I continued in this condition until last March, when I contracted another severe cold, which caused me to relapse fearfully. I was in a worse condition than before; coughing incessantly; raising large quantities of thick, yellow, obnoxious matter; cold, chilly sensations every morning, followed by fever in the evening and troublesome *night-sweats*. I had another physician to attend me, but

did not improve any. After four weary weeks, in which I took quantities of doctors' medicines and patent preparations, I was ready to give up in despair, and felt that death would be a relief, for I had suffered so much that life had lost all its charms.

"As a last resort, and in this wretched condition, I applied to you for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. In due time I received a two months' supply. As soon as it came, I put aside all my bottles of medicine. *In four days after commencing to inhale the Compound Oxygen, chills, fever and night-sweats were all gone!* My appetite, which before was at its lowest ebb, soon became good. My strength increased very rapidly; and improvement has been steadily going on ever since the first inhalation. My cough slowly became milder, and to-day I can truthfully say that I am almost a well woman. I think before I got through with the second supply of Compound Oxygen I will be as well as I ever was. I can attend to all my housework, and with perfect ease, and can walk a distance of two miles without feeling tired. I cannot say enough in praise of your remedy, for it is without doubt the source from which I derived the health I now enjoy. * * * If I were able, I would gladly go to Philadelphia to offer you my thanks. I feel more than words can express, and am sure you never had a more grateful patient."

CASE No. 22.

A patient in Covington, La., writes, July 30th, 1879, after three weeks' use of the Compound Oxygen:

"My headache all gone, good appetite, and can sleep all night without coughing, a thing I have not been able to do for a year. I feel like a new person. I can breathe now. * * * The cough is all that troubles me now. It is not half so severe as it was when I commenced taking your Treatment. I cannot express to you the good that I have received at your hands."

CASE No. 23.

A lady in Danville, Ky., who had been a sufferer from *Bronchitis and Chronic Catarrh*, ordered a Treatment in May, 1879. A letter from her husband, dated August 2d, in which he orders a second Treatment, says:

"Mrs. — has been using your Oxygen for three months. She has greatly improved—is a new woman."

CASE No. 24.

"It is perhaps a little over three weeks since I commenced using your Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen," writes a patient from Omaha. "I think it is doing me good, as I had about thirty *hemorrhages from the lungs*, and when I received the Treatment I stopped taking other tonics and medicines, and am getting stronger every day. I commenced work ten days ago—first for nearly a year."

CASE No. 25.

Patient had *Asthma and Dyspepsia*. Reports as follows, June 18th, 1879:

"In March last I sent for a supply of your Compound Oxygen, which reached me early in April. I commenced using it at once, and have been greatly benefited. Believe I am entirely cured of *Dyspepsia and Asthma*."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.D., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.